



# TOGGLES

FREDERICK F HALL





Class PZ7

Book .H1423

Copyright No. T

**COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.**

















"YOU STOP THAT! THIS IS A CITY OF REFUGE." — Page 34.



# TOGGLES

## AN OUTDOOR BOY

BY  
FREDERICK F. HALL

*ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES COPELAND*



BOSTON  
LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO.




Published, August, 1918

PZ7  
H1423  
T

Copyright, 1918  
BY LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO.

*All rights reserved*

TOGGLES

  
**Norwood Press**  
BERWICK & SMITH CO.  
NORWOOD, MASS.  
U. S. A.

OCT 23 1918

©CL.A506291



TO

"P'ECIOUSNESS" AND "HAPPY FACE"

OTHERWISE MURIEL AND GRACE HALL

My Dear Daughters:

When I first began writing about Toggles, you asked me a great many times whether my Toggles was a really, truly boy or whether, like your "Maddie Gilbert," he was a "fictitious character."

Perhaps some other little folks may want to know the same thing, and so may be I better say right here, the very first thing in the book, that, excepting you two and your small cousins across the street, there is not a child in the whole world who is so real *to me* as Toggles is.

Your loving father,

FREDERICK F. HALL.

EN ROUTE TO FRANCE WITH  
THE ARMY Y.M.C.A.,  
April, 1918.







## CONTENTS

| CHAPTER |                                       | PAGE |
|---------|---------------------------------------|------|
| I       | HOW TOGGLES CAME TO THE FARM . . .    | 11   |
| II      | THE KITTEN THAT NEVER WAS FOUND . . . | 20   |
| III     | THE CITY OF REFUGE . . . . .          | 28   |
| IV      | THE HOUSE THAT TOGGLES BUILT . . .    | 40   |
| V       | THE FARM AT WAR . . . . .             | 50   |
| VI      | THE BEAKER'S BABY . . . . .           | 61   |
| VII     | TOGGLES AND THE BEES . . . . .        | 71   |
| VIII    | TWO BOYS WHO DID THINGS OVER . . .    | 79   |
| IX      | BUTTERFLIES AND BOYS . . . . .        | 86   |
| X       | LOST IN THE WOODS . . . . .           | 95   |
| XI      | MABEL'S PARTY . . . . .               | 108  |
| XII     | THE SMILE-HOLES . . . . .             | 122  |
| XIII    | THE DOWNTRODDEN CITY . . . . .        | 131  |
| XIV     | THE "WHY" OF THE WEEDS . . . . .      | 141  |
| XV      | THE SPINNERS . . . . .                | 150  |
| XVI     | THE "PROMISSORY" BIRTHDAY . . . .     | 159  |
| XVII    | THE WEED THAT GOT STARTED . . . .     | 169  |
| XVIII   | THE RESCUE OF ZENOBIA . . . . .       | 180  |



## CONTENTS

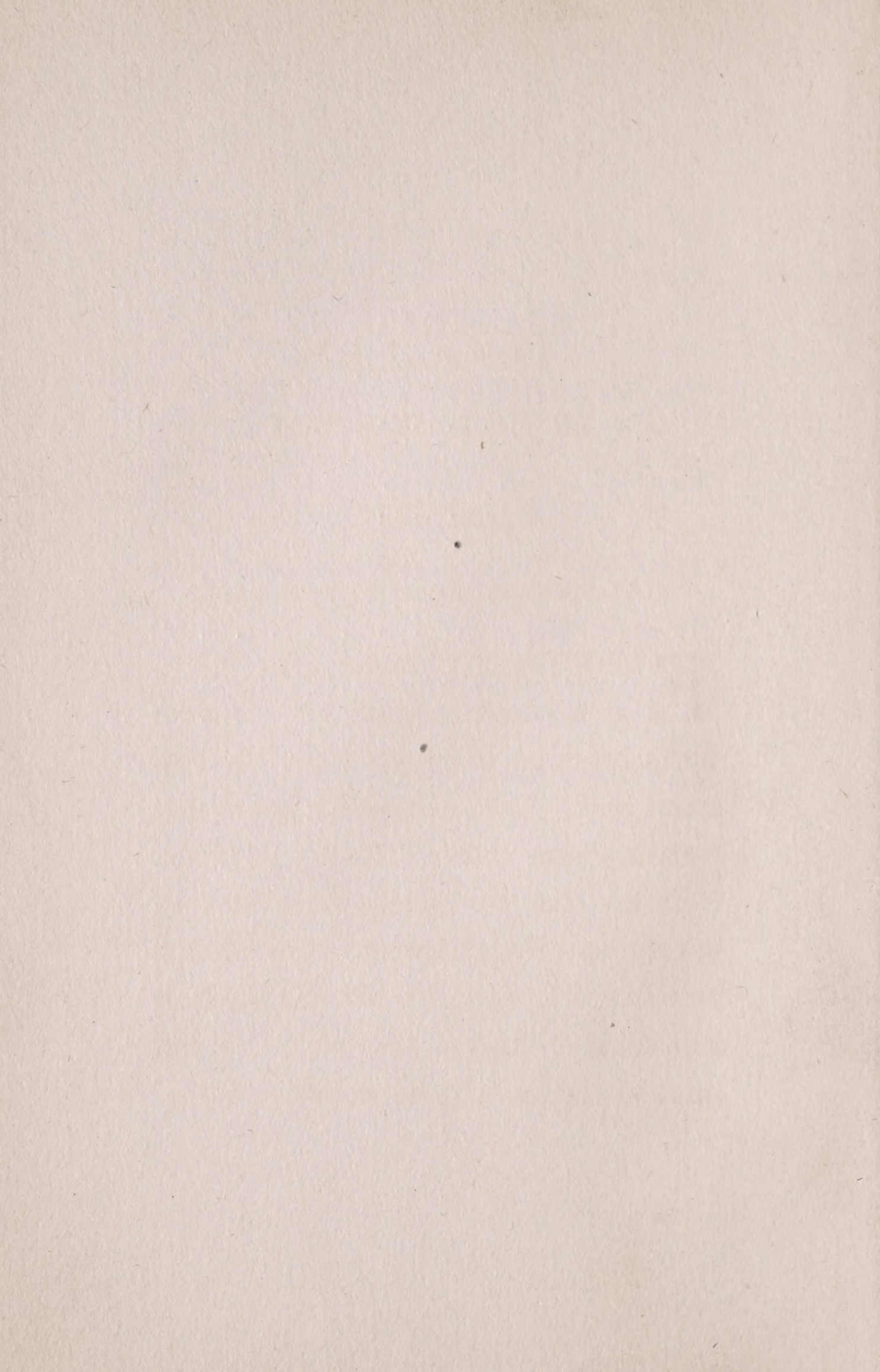
| CHAPTER |                                  | PAGE |
|---------|----------------------------------|------|
| XIX     | TOGGLES USES HIS FORGETTER . . . | 188  |
| XX      | THE THINGS GOD HID . . . . .     | 197  |
| XXI     | MABEL'S TROUBLE . . . . .        | 208  |
| XXII    | TOGGLES BORROWS A BIRTHDAY . . . | 218  |
| XXIII   | THE MAN WITH THE GREEN TIN BOX . | 228  |
| XXIV    | THE SAVED-UP SUNSHINE . . . . .  | 238  |
| XXV     | THE PUBLIC BENEFACTORS . . . . . | 247  |



## ILLUSTRATIONS

|   |                       |
|---|-----------------------|
| "YOU STOP THAT! THIS IS A CITY OF REFUGE"     |                       |
| (Page 34) . . . . .                           | <i>Frontispiece</i> ✓ |
|   | FACING<br>PAGE        |
| THE LITTLE TENANT BEGAN TO SING AS ONLY A     |                       |
| BLUEBIRD CAN . . . . .                        | 48 ✓                  |
| "DON'T SHOOT. WE'LL TAKE HIM PRISONER" .      |                       |
|   | 52 ✓                  |
| "THERE HE COMES AGAIN!" . . . . .             |                       |
|   | 64 ✓                  |
| "WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MABEL AND TOG-        |                       |
| GLER? THEY'RE ALL RIGHT!" . . . .             | 120 ✓                 |
| "I'M MARSHAL," SAID TOGGLES, SHOWING HIS STAR |                       |
|   | 234 ✓                 |







# TOGGLES

## AN OUTDOOR BOY

### CHAPTER I

#### HOW TOGGLES CAME TO THE FARM

EVERYBODY called him "Toggles," and so shall we. It does not matter in the least what his real name was. It is enough to know that he was a very active little boy of seven.

It was the first really warm day of spring, and Toggles went out to climb a tree in the front yard. It was the first tree he had climbed that year and you might have thought he would be out of



practice but he did not seem to notice it. When he was almost to the top and wondering if he dared to go one branch higher the front door opened and—he could hardly believe his eyes.

Miss Curtis, the lady in the white cap and the blue and white striped dress, who had been with them so many weeks, came first but with her was another lady in the wheel-chair that they had borrowed only the day before. The other lady was little and pale; it looked as if a sudden gust of wind might blow her quite away; one who had seen her a year ago might not have known her now but Toggles knew her at once.

“Mother!” he shouted.

Then he almost bit his tongue off, for he remembered, what he had thought he



never again could forget, that mother must not be startled; there was no telling how frightened she might be to see him away up in the top of that tree and, just as fast as he could, he clambered down.

He was not in time to help her to the corner where there was the least wind and the most sunshine. His little sister Mabel did that, but he helped Miss Curtis tuck in the steamer-rugs and ran into the house to get the footstool and met Mabel, bringing it in her two chubby hands. Then they sat down, one on each side of the footstool and looked up into the dear face in which only the smile was all that it had been.

“Oh, Mother!” exclaimed Toggles.  
“Isn’t it good that you’re better?”



“Isn’t it, though?” echoed Mabel.

And Miss Curtis said, “We’re very proud of her.”

Mother reached out and patted one small head and then the other. After that she lay back in the wheel-chair as if she were already a little tired.

“Don’t t’ings jes’ *smell* good?” demanded Mabel.

“And look at the buds on the trees,” chortled Toggles, “they’re swelling up till they’re ’most ready to bust—burst, I mean.”

A man turned the corner and Toggles and Mabel raced down the street to meet him. When he turned in at the gate he had Toggles under one arm and Mabel under the other.

“My! But it’s good to see you get-



ting better!" he said as he stooped to kiss the lady in the wheel-chair.

"Yes," she answered, "but I'm a little tired now. I think I'll let you take me in."

So he picked her up in his arms, just as if she had been Toggles or Mabel, and carried her into the house and laid her on the couch.

That afternoon the doctor came, as he did every day. For a while he had come oftener.

"You say she sat up a little while this morning?" he said to Toggles's father.

"Yes," he answered. "Miss Curtis had her out on the porch when I came home to lunch. It was good to see her so much better."

The doctor drew his chair nearer and



they talked long and seriously in voices so low that Toggles, who was out in the other room, could not catch a word. Not that he would have tried to hear what was not meant for him; he knew that would not have been right, but he could not have heard, anyway; for one thing he was too busy helping Mabel to build an opera-house out of her stone blocks.

Finally they heard the doctor say:

“Yes. That, it seems to me, would be the best place. But I would not think of having her come home before the first of October, and not even then unless she is much improved. If nothing unfavorable happens, she ought to be able to make the trip next week. Miss Curtis of course would go with her



but it might not be necessary for her to remain long."

After the doctor had gone, Father called them into the other room, closed the door and took one on each knee.

"How would you like it," he asked, "to go to Grandpa's and stay all summer?"

He did not have to wait for an answer. Both of them leaped down and started a war-dance, or would have started one, only they remembered in time that children must be very quiet in a house where a mother is sick.

"When would we start?" Toggles whispered.

"Next Tuesday, I think," said Father.

There was a silent clapping of hands



and some wriggles that meant a delight too deep for words.

“We shall have to be very careful of Mother on the way,” Father went on, “and at Grandpa’s you will have to see that she eats plenty, and sleeps a great deal, and is out of doors enough but not too much, and that nothing ever happens to worry her, no quarrels between children or anything like that. It’s a great responsibility you will have.”

“But Grandpa and Grandma will be there?” exclaimed Toggles.

“Oh, yes—”

“And you’ll be there?” piped Mabel.

“No,” answered Father. “I shall come home as soon as Mother is safely at Grandpa’s. Some one, you know, will have to run the store.”



And *that* explains why in this book you will find so little about Toggles's father. Some people might even think that Toggles did not have any father but, my! what a mistake. Of course he had a father, two hundred and eleven pounds of one, and next to your own father, probably the best one in the world.



## CHAPTER II

### THE KITTEN THAT NEVER WAS FOUND

**I**F there was excitement at Toggles's home when the plan was made, you may be sure that there was also excitement at the farm when the first letter came telling about it and really I doubt if any one could have told which were happier, Toggles and Mabel, or Grandpa and Grandma. It did not seem to one of them that they could wait for the day to come but it did at last and Grandpa drove down to the station and brought them home and Mother was taken straight up-stairs to bed and there was a happy afternoon



of questions and answers and racing here and there and not until the next morning, when they had had breakfast, and had run out into the road, to wave good-by to Father, did Toggles and Mabel have time to begin really exploring the farm.

How many things there were to see! First the house itself, with the big cellar and the big attic, though for that they could wait until a rainy day; then the great cow-barn, with the whole upper part filled with the "happy hills of hay" that Toggles had read of in one of his books but had never rolled and tumbled in before, and the horse-barn, too, and the carriage-house, and the corn-crib, and the tool-shed, and the work-shop, and the pig-pen, and the



granary, and the windmill, and the spring-house, and— Well, it seemed as if there was simply no end of places and that not even counting the orchard, the meadow, the deep— But, what am I talking about? Grandpa's woods were not deep, and especially they were not tangled nor wild; they had been grazed in for years by cattle, and that, as Toggles learned later, makes a great difference with woods.

Toggles had to climb into the seat of the disk-harrow, and the mower, and the tedder, and the horse-rake. He asked poor Chris about more things than Chris could possibly give English names for and as for Grandpa he finally put on his bee-veil and went down into the bee-yard where as yet Toggles was



a bit afraid to follow. Not that Grandpa was trying to get away from Toggles's questions though. It would have been quite unlike him to do that, but the bees really needed attention.

Toggles looked, and listened, and climbed, and prowled, and investigated in all sorts of places, until he heard the kitten. Then he hunted for a half-hour until he made up his mind that, bees or no bees, he must have help. So, although he could not keep from dodging when anything buzzed too near his head, he walked right down into the bee yard and stopped not far from the hive on which Grandpa was working.

“Grandpa,” he said, “I guess you’ll have to come and help me. There’s a little cat up in the barn somewhere and



it keeps crying harder and harder, and I can't find it."

Grandpa was hard at work but he put the cover on the hive, took off his bee-veil and came with Toggles at once.

"Well, that's strange," he said. "I didn't know Zenobia had any kittens."

"I didn't either," answered Toggles. (He had met Zenobia the night before.) "And I don't know where this one came from. But it's there, and it's crying just dreadful."

They walked up past the lilacs to the big barn and looked all about, everywhere. But no trace of a kitten!

"Did it sound as if it was inside of the barn?" asked Grandpa.

"I couldn't just tell," said Toggles; "may be it was inside."



So they looked inside, but there was no cat there and they could hear no crying.

“You’re sure you heard it?” asked Grandpa.

“Oh, I’m sure,” said Toggles. “It was just as plain, and the kitten felt very bad.”

“Perhaps it was in the carriage-house,” suggested Grandpa.

But it was not outside of the carriage-house, nor inside, and when, to make sure, Toggles went down on his little stomach and crawled under, where it was all dark and cool, there was no kitten there, either.

“It’s very strange,” he said, as they walked back beneath the apple-trees to the bee yard. “I know I heard it.



May be though its mama came and found it."

Grandpa did not say anything and, just at that moment, right out of the tree above their heads, came the same pitiful, beseeching call, of a very little cat in sorest trouble.

"There!" quickly exclaimed Toggles. "There it is again. Why— Where is it, Grandpa?"

Grandpa did not answer but he pointed with his finger and Toggles looked up with all his eyes at a dark slate-colored bird with a black cap.

"That?" he whispered.

Grandpa nodded.

"Why—"

And just then the bird gave the same pitiful low call again, and then another



that was not at all like a kitten's, and, with a flirt of his tail as if he were laughing at them, flew off as fast as his wings could carry him.

"What was it?" asked Toggles, when the bird was lost among the leaves.

"That was a cat-bird," Grandpa answered.

"Well," said Toggles, as Grandpa laughed and put on his bee-veil once more, "I thought I knew a good deal about birds but that is the first time I ever knew there was a bird that played jokes on people. I think," he added, "that Mother would be interested in that story. Don't you?"

Grandpa agreed that she would, and that night Mother heard all about The Kitten that Never was Found.



## CHAPTER III

### THE CITY OF REFUGE

EVERY morning, right after breakfast, the whole family would go up to Mother's room and Toggles would get the big Bible and lay it in Grandpa's lap and Grandpa would read a chapter and then there would be the prayer. Usually Toggles understood pretty well what Grandpa read about but one morning there was something that puzzled him. So, later in the day, when he found Grandpa fixing a piece of harness in the tool-house he went in and sat down on a box near him.



“Grandpa,” he demanded, “what is a City of Refuge?”

And Grandpa told him about the safety cities of the olden time, where one who had done wrong without meaning to might go and be sheltered from his enemies.

“Do they have them now?” asked Toggles.

“Not that kind,” answered Grandpa.

“Why not?” demanded Toggles.

Grandpa explained that men know more now than they used to. Now, when a man does wrong, his neighbors do not try to kill him; they let the law decide whether he should be punished or not, and so such cities are not needed. Toggles saw that it was better, and still *he* could not help wishing that just one



had been left, for he would have liked to see it. Then he remembered just how Grandpa had answered his first question and he asked another.

“Grandpa,” he inquired, “if they don’t have *that kind* of cities of refuge, what kind do they have?”

“Refuges for animals,” answered Grandpa, “and we need a great many more. Men are learning to be kinder to each other but they have not yet learned to be nearly kind enough to animals. Now, birds eat cherries—”

“And strawberries,” added Toggles.

“Yes and they dig up corn but they don’t mean to do harm and those are not things that they ought to be killed for. Down in the pasture yesterday I



found a robin that some one had shot and it made me feel bad.”

It made Toggles feel bad, too, and that night he told his mother all about his talk with Grandpa, and after he had said his prayers, and was tucked away in bed, she had Miss Curtis find and read Longfellow's poem about “The Birds of Killingworth” to him and to Mabel, and next morning Toggles woke with a brand-new idea.

“Grandpa,” he exclaimed, as soon as he was down-stairs. “Why couldn't we make this farm a City of Refuge for the birds?”

“I declare!” said Grandpa. “I believe we could.”

All through breakfast they planned



and arranged. Grandpa was to be mayor of the city and Toggles was to be marshal to carry out his orders. Grandma was to be food commissioner, because she often fed the birds; and Mother, because at home she always had a shallow dish beside the pump for the birds to bathe in, was superintendent of water-works, with Mabel as assistant, for of course Mother could not look after it herself. Chris was to be the militia, who might be called out if ever the city were threatened with war.

Right after breakfast, Toggles and Grandpa went to work on some signs and by night there were four, nailed up in different places and all reading:

TRESPASS ALL YOU WANT TO  
BUT DON'T HARM THE BIRDS.



There was great fun that day and the next and the next, for grandma made Toggles a marshal's star and Toggles went all over the farm to see that every creature kept the new law. But on the fourth day came an adventure.

He was just crawling under the fence that separated the woods from the lower pasture when something went "spat" in the leaves above his head and a woodpecker shot past, flying for his life. Toggles' heart leaped into his mouth, for through the tangle of underbrush he caught sight of bare feet and a torn straw hat.

He was frightened, just a little, but it was no time for a marshal to hesitate, and his voice rang out clear and strong.



“Hey, there!” he called, just as Grandpa did sometimes to the cows. “You stop that! This is a City of Refuge.”

The other boy had not known any one was near and he was a bit frightened, too, but when he saw it was only Toggles he stopped and slipped another stone into his sling-shot.

“I don’t have to,” he said.

That was no way to talk to a marshal and Toggles was pretty angry. This was his grandpa’s farm, the new law was on his side, and the other boy had no business here. He wanted to walk right up to him and hit him hard, only he knew his mother did not approve of boys fighting. He could not call out the militia, for the militia was



at work with the cultivator away on the other side of the farm. Something must be done, though, and quickly, for the other boy was looking around for another bird and Toggles had just doubled up his fists and taken a step forward when, all in a flash, there came an idea a great deal better than either the militia or fighting.

“Say,” he exclaimed, “you can’t hit that tree.”

“I ain’t shootin’ trees,” said the other boy.

“ ’Cause you can’t hit ’em,” said Toggles.

“Yes, I can,” was the answer.

“Try it.”

The other boy fired and missed by about a foot.



“Shucks!” said Toggles, taking from his pocket his own sling-shot that Grandpa had made for him only the day before. “I can do better than that.”

He fired and, sure enough, his stone struck it full and square.

“You can’t hit that birch,” said the other boy.

“Yes, I can,” answered Toggles.

They fired and that time they both missed.

“What’s your name?” asked Toggles.

“Johnny,” answered the boy.

“What’s your name?”

“My name’s Toggles and I don’t live here. We’re just visiting Grandpa. Say, come up to the barn; Grandpa has made me a shooting-gallery up there,



with a real target. We can have heaps of fun."

So they went to the barn together and, after they had shot until they were tired, they lay down upon the hay and Toggles told Johnny all about the City of Refuge.

"And that's why you've got a star," inquired Johnny, "'cause you're a marshal?"

"That's it," answered Toggles.

"Wish I had a star," said Johnny.

"I'll give you this if you'll be a marshal, too."

"Will you?" exclaimed Johnny.

"All right, sir, I'll do it."

"You can't shoot at birds any more," warned Toggles.



“I won’t,” Johnny promised. “You never hit ’em, anyway,” he added.

“And if anybody else does, you must stop him or tell Grandpa—’cause that’s what a marshal is for.”

“I will.”

“Honest truth?”

“Honest truth.”

“All right. Here is your star.”

“I guess I’ll have to be going home,” said Johnny, as he fastened it to his coat. “It’s ’most milking-time and I’m just learning to milk; I’ll be over again to-morrow.”

“Don’t forget about being a marshal.”

“No, I won’t. Good-by.”

“Good-by.”

That was the way there came to be



two marshals for the City of Refuge, and they both faithfully discharged their duties, for in the main, through all that long summer, all the birds that came to live at Grandpa's farm lived happy and undisturbed.



## CHAPTER IV

### THE HOUSE THAT TOGGLES BUILT

ONE of the things that Toggles enjoyed most at the farm was just visiting with his grandfather. They spent a great deal of time together and talked about ever so many things. Grandpa never seemed too busy to visit. He never talked so that Toggles could not understand him, he never teased and made fun as so many people do when they talk with little boys, and yet he did sometimes say some extraordinary things. For instance, they were on the porch one morning waiting for



Grandma to call them to breakfast when Grandpa suddenly asked:

“What are you going to do for a living when you grow up to be a man?”

Toggles did not answer right away, because he knew it was an important question and needed to be thought about.

“I should like,” he said finally, “when I grow up to be a man, to earn my living by building houses.”

“That is a good thing to want to do,” said Grandpa, “and if I were in your place I think I would begin right away, now, and build all the houses I could and then, by the time you are a man, you will know, you see, without any doubt, whether you want to keep on building houses or do something else.”

Toggles stared in round-eyed wonder.



“But, Grandpa,” he exclaimed, “I’m not big enough to build houses!”

“I think you’re big enough to begin,” said Grandpa.

“A real house—a house that could be lived in?” queried Toggles.

“A house that could be lived in.”

Grandpa smiled, but not as if he were joking, and Toggles was silent with amazement.

“But I haven’t any tools,” he said at length.

“It would not take many. Let’s think up what you have.”

“Well,” began Toggles, “there’s my knife—it’s got four blades and it’s pretty sharp.”

“Yes.”

“And in the attic I found a bracket-



saw; Grandma said I could have that."

"Yes."

"And I know Grandma would lend me the tack-hammer and the gimlet."

"I think that would be tools enough."

"To build a house that could be lived in?"

"I think so."

"It would take nails," added Toggles.

"I could furnish the nails," said Grandpa.

"It would be a house that could be lived in?" repeated Toggles.

"Certainly. I think you might be able to get tenants within a month; and, yes, they would pay you rent, too."

"In money?" asked Toggles.

"Well, no, not in money but in something just as good—or better."



“And I’m big enough to build it all by myself?”

“All by yourself.”

It took a good many questions to find out just what Grandpa meant but when at last Toggles knew he was anxious to begin at once and, right away after breakfast they went to the workshop and there Grandpa picked out the lumber and helped him a little with the planning, and then Toggles went to work and until noon he was as busy as one of the bees.

“I’m going to drive over to Mr. Smith’s farm this afternoon,” said Grandpa, at dinner, “and he has just such a house as you are building. Would you like to go along and see it?”

Toggles wanted to go, of course, and,



when he saw the house, he first fairly danced with delight, and then fell to studying it intently to see just how it was made.

“Grandpa,” he demanded, on the way home, “can I make one as nice as that?”

“I think so,” answered Grandpa. “You may want me to help you plan a little more, but I think you can do all the building yourself.”

“And the painting?” asked Toggles. “How about that?”

“That is really another kind of work,” said Grandpa. “The man who builds a house very seldom paints it; but, if you get it built, I will see that it is painted.”

Toggles had to fill the wood-box, and



pump water, and help Watch drive up the cows, and do a great many other things about the farm, but every day he did some work on his house and by the end of the week anybody could have seen at a glance what it was going to be. The next week it was ready to be painted, and then, on Saturday morning, what should happen but Toggles woke up all spots and blotches and when the doctor looked at them he said, "Chicken-pox."

Toggles stayed in bed all that day and all the next and it was a week before he felt like going outside or playing very hard. During those days he rather forgot about his house and about everything that had been going on outside and was content to lie still most of



the time and be read to—sometimes he did not even care for that.

On the day that the last of the spots disappeared, Grandpa came in at dinner-time to say:

“I have something to show you.”

“What is it?” Toggles demanded.

“Wait till you’ve eaten your dinner.”

So, when Toggles had eaten a dinner almost as large as those he ate when he was well, Grandpa stooped over so he could climb on his back and they went out on the porch.

“See,” said Grandpa, “it’s all painted and, I declare, I don’t know but the tenants have moved in.”

Toggles strained his eyes in the direction Grandpa was pointing and, sure enough, there it stood, a beautiful bird-



house, made just like Grandpa's house, only of course ever and ever so much smaller, painted just like it, too, white with green blinds, and set away up on a high post, where birds could easily get at it and cats could not.

There was a rustle in the little doorway, a flash of blue and brown and a bird dropped upon the bough of an apple-tree near them.

"Is that—?" whispered Toggles and Grandpa nodded.

The little new tenant turned his head toward them and twittered softly some bird words that were very pretty but not easily to be translated.

"What do you suppose he is saying?" asked Toggles.

"Listen," said Grandpa, "and when





THE LITTLE TENANT BEGAN TO SING AS ONLY A BLUEBIRD CAN.  
*Page 49.*







you think you know what he is doing, you tell me.”

The little tenant hopped to another twig, shook himself joyfully, gave a little warble of introduction, as if to make sure his voice was in good tune and then threw back his head and began to sing as only a bluebird can.

It did not seem polite to interrupt him and Toggles waited until he had finished his song and flown away. Then he spoke.

“I know,” he said, “he was paying the rent.”

“That’s right,” answered Grandpa. And they went back into the house.



## CHAPTER V

### THE FARM AT WAR

**T**OGGLES and Johnny, being only marshals, had of course no sort of right to declare war, but at the time they never thought of that and the fighting might have started and all sorts of trouble resulted, if at dinner Toggles had not just happened to mention the matter to Grandpa.

“When does the war begin?” he asked.

“This afternoon,” said Toggles; “I really did not care so very much about it but Johnny asked me and it did not seem polite to say no.”



“Of course not,” answered Grandpa.  
“Do you know why it’s begun?”

“No. He only said we’d have one  
and we’d start right after dinner.”

“Do you think you could take me?  
I’m over age now.”

“Oh, we’d like to have you come.”

So it was that Grandpa enlisted in the war declared against the toads and when Johnny and Toggles marched off armed with their sling-shots, Grandpa came bringing a basket and a covered minnow-pail. He explained that in the basket there were doughnuts; Toggles and Johnny might be major and colonel; he was quartermaster—that was the name they called the man who looked after the things to eat.

It was a clear, sunshiny afternoon.



Johnny took the lead, they passed through the orchard and climbed the orchard fence into the pasture; there they walked three abreast and scuffling through the long grass looked sharply on all sides for toads but not one could they find. In the woods it was nearly as bad and they had hunted almost an hour and were growing quite discouraged when Grandpa, lifting a great log, suddenly exclaimed. "There's one. Don't shoot. We'll take him prisoner."

And the next moment he had the toad wriggling in his hand.

"That'll make you have warts," warned Johnny.

Grandpa put the toad into the minnow-pail upon some leaves.





"DON'T SHOOT. WE'LL TAKE HIM PRISONER." — *Page 52.*







“I think not,” he said, “I’ve often handled them that way.”

“What are we going to do with him?” asked Toggles.

“I think we ought to try him,” said Grandpa.

“What?” demanded both boys.

“Try him. That’s what they do with prisoners to find out whether they ought to be punished and, if so, how much. But first, I think we better eat our doughnuts and, if the prisoner is hungry, why, of course, we ought to feed him.”

They sat down on a little hillock and Grandpa opened the basket. Then, when each one was eating a sugar-covered doughnut, Grandpa lifted the cover of the minnow-pail and dropped



in a little piece for the toad. He paid no attention to it and they were just turning away when Johnny exclaimed:

“Did you see that?”

“What?” returned Toggles.

“Why, that fly.”

“No.”

“He lit on that piece of doughnut and he’s gone. That toad just stuck out his tongue, quick as lightning, and licked him off.”

“Get him another,” suggested Toggles.

They killed one, after considerable trouble, and dropped him beside the toad but he did not touch it and then, while they were watching, another fly lit on the piece of doughnut and suddenly the toad snapped him up, just as



he had the first one. It was really a wonderful thing to see and more wonderful when Grandpa explained that the toad's tongue was put in backwards, fastened at the front instead of at the back and had a tip like a piece of very sticky fly-paper, so that he could throw it out like a lasso and it would hold to anything that it struck.

Once they knew that the toad preferred to catch his food alive they put in ants for him and he snapped them up as swiftly as he had the flies. They watched him quite a while and then, when they had eaten all the doughnuts and the prisoner seemed to have eaten all he cared for, the quartermaster called a council of war.

“First,” he said, “we ought to find



out if we are having any other wars and, if so, whether it is a good thing to begin fighting this one at the same time.”

“It’s the only one I know,” said Johnny.

“Well,” answered Grandpa. “Toggles and I have another and we did not begin it, either. A big army has marched into our potato patch and has begun eating up the vines and we were fighting them all yesterday afternoon but they are there yet. We haven’t beaten them.”

“I know,” exclaimed Toggles. “Potato-bugs!”

“And there’s another army, harder to beat, because every soldier has a flying-machine. In fact we’ve almost



given up trying to fight them and simply put up breastworks at the doors and windows to keep them from fighting us."

"Flies!" shouted both boys.

"And now, are there any others?"

"My mother is fighting ants," said Johnny. "Little bits of red ones. She says she doesn't know how she'll ever get 'em out of our pantry."

"Well now, the toads," said Grandpa, "are fighting these same armies and, so long as we are fighting them, too, it does not seem to me that we ought to be fighting the toads. Anyway, not until we have beaten the ants, and the flies, and the potato-bugs; then, if we had a good reason, we might fight the toads.



Of course, to fight them if we didn't have a good reason, would be foolish and wicked."

The boys looked very serious, as it was perfectly proper they should, for a council of war is a solemn matter.

"I suppose we better let him go," said Toggles.

"No," said Grandpa, "I don't know that I would do that. The toads can help us and it seems to me we better take them right into our army. All the pay they would ask would be protection from their other enemies and enough to eat and we could see that they had that."

It seemed a splendid idea and, after a little more planning, they set off again, this time with Grandpa ahead.



He led them through some marshy places, down to the little pond and it was really surprising how many toads they found. Before it was time to start home, there were sixteen in the covered minnow-pail and, as they walked back through the woods, Grandpa explained that now the wars could go on day and night because the toads did nearly all their fighting in the dark.

Eight of the new recruits they stationed in the potato-patch, for there they seemed most needed. Three were detailed for the flower-beds, and the other five were sent to reënforce the army at Johnny's home.

All summer long they did valiant service and Johnny and Toggles came greatly to value them as faithful allies.



Before the season ended, almost a hundred more had been enlisted and, while the flies were never wholly beaten, the other foes were finally all worsted. The mercenaries had well earned their furlough by the time they went into winter-quarters.



## CHAPTER VI

### THE BEAKER'S BABY

**G**RANDPA had said there nearly always was one and, time and again, Toggles had looked for him but after all it was Mabel, who had never looked for him at all, who was the first to see him.

She was still afraid to play anywhere near the bee-hives. Toggles was getting used to their buzzing and he had told her that good bees, like Grandpa's, never stung unless people bothered them; but she was afraid, just the same, and so she had made her play-house away down in the orchard where all



over the fence grew the nasturtiums.

That afternoon she had decided to build an addition and Toggles was getting stones for her (every one, I suppose, knows how little girls make houses out of stones) when he heard her scream and, dropping his stones, ran back to her as fast as he could.

He found her with her face close against the bark of one of the old apple-trees and her eyes tightly covered with both hands, as if she were "standing" for hide-and-seek; but, so far as he could see, there was nothing at all to frighten her.

"What made you cry?" he asked.

Mabel cautiously uncovered one eye, then the other, and then looked all around.



“It was a ‘beaker,’ ” she said.

“What’s a ‘beaker’?” asked Toggles, not knowing it was a word Mabel had just that moment made up, all by herself, out of her own head. Mabel could do that.

“I think,” she answered, “I think it’s a bird.”

“A big bird—from the barn?”

When they first came to the farm Toggles himself had, to tell the truth, been a bit afraid of the geese and turkeys.

“No. It was little but it was very cross, and I don’t like things to be cross at me.”

Toggles could of course understand that but he had no sort of idea what the “beaker” could be and he had just



opened his mouth to ask another question when Mabel screamed:

“There he comes again!”

Toggles swung round to look and saw, poised in the air, not six feet away, the sharp little bill pointed straight at his face, a tiny humming-bird, looking so angry and spiteful that Toggles laughed aloud and then it flew away. Really, though at the time Toggles did not think of it, a laugh of the right sort is one of the best things in the world to drive off angry, spiteful things.

At dinner he told Grandpa about it.

“And I thought perhaps what made him so angry,” he added, “was that he had a nest there, and of course he didn’t know about this whole farm being a





“THERE HE COMES AGAIN!” — *Page 64.*







City of Refuge for the birds and so he was afraid that we might hurt his babies."

"Maybe," said Grandpa, "but I hardly think so. To tell the truth, brave as the 'beaker' is, he has a really dreadful temper, and gets all out of patience at very little things. He makes a pretty little nest, but it is hard to find and in all my life I have never seen but one of them."

After that Toggles was of course more anxious than ever to find where the "beaker" had made his nest and many an hour did he spend looking for it with mother's field-glass, but he never could trace the "beaker" to it, though he saw him many times. When he



finally did find it, it was quite by accident and not when he was looking for it at all.

He had climbed to the haymow of the horse-barn and was looking out of the door at which the men put in the hay when, as the wind stirred the leaves of the great elm-tree, he caught a glimpse of a little gray-green something, hardly larger than a walnut, sticking up like a knob on one of the twigs. He looked again but the leaves were in the way; then once more, as the wind blew, and there it was still. He never thought, even then, of its being a nest, but he puzzled over what it could be until finally he went for the field-glass. Then he knew, and his heart beat high with excitement when, in the bottom of



the nest, which was so small that it made him think of a lichen-covered, down-lined thimble, he saw two eggs, hardly larger than white beans.

When he looked next day there was only one. What had become of the other they never learned but it made them anxious about the one that was left, and that very afternoon Toggles put some wire netting around the tree (Grandpa had shown him how) so that Zenobia could not climb it. Not of course that he suspected Zenobia of having taken the egg but there were several dreadful things Zenobia *had* done. One time in fact she had been convicted of treason and soundly spanked with the whisk-broom, and even *that* had not reformed her. So



Toggles was not going to take any chances of another accident.

The whole family, excepting of course Mother, (and she was told all about it), climbed to the haymow to look at that tiny nest and Toggles went every day and sometimes oftener. For the first three days there was no change but on the fourth he rushed into the house shouting:

“It’s broken the shell, it’s broken the shell! The ‘beaker’ has a baby.”

And that day there was almost a steady procession up and down the ladder to the haymow, to look at the wee, featherless mite squirming in the bottom of the nest.

It was almost three weeks before the baby was old enough to fly away, but at



last he did, and that same afternoon, while Toggles was in the orchard, along came the father "beaker" and flew right at him, just as on that first day.

"And I didn't mind it *then*," said Toggles, when he told Grandpa about it, "because then he didn't know me; but this time I'd been friends to him and known him a long time and I'd—why, I'd helped him bring up his baby."

"That's true," answered Grandpa, "but I suppose he didn't understand. That's one of the things we have to learn, as we get older, to be kind just the same to people who never say, 'Thank you,' and who seem not even to know that we have been kind to them."

"And I suppose," added Toggles, "that you just have to be happy about



it because you know that anyway  
it was the right thing to do.”

“That’s just the way to look at it,”  
said Grandpa.



## CHAPTER VII

### TOGGLES AND THE BEES

**I**N the beginning, as I have told you, Toggles had been afraid of them and, when he heard a “buzz-buzz” coming nearer and nearer to his head, had wanted to strike with his hat or run away into the house. But Grandpa had explained to him that, though the bees *could* hurt him, they did not want to, they were only unusually busy at this time of year and, like other busy people, they did not like to be interfered with. Once Toggles had learned that, he and the bees became great friends and he would let one of them light on his hand



and walk slowly across it which was something that even Johnny was a little afraid to do.

The bees usually went to work before he was up in the morning, but sometimes he was awake early enough to see the last of them setting off, and however far he might wander during the day, he was almost certain to meet some of them flying home with their loads, or balancing upon the clover blossoms which Grandpa told him they "tapped," in somewhat the same way that people tap the maple-trees in early spring.

After supper, when their busy day was over, Toggles would often walk down among the hives, all so quiet now, with not a worker in sight except the little bee sentry pacing back and forth



in front of the entrance, and it was all as interesting as anything he had ever seen.

Excepting when he was helping Grandpa, he never wore a bee-veil now and, even when at work, his hands were always bare. Grandpa would open the hives and show him about them, until he could tell which was the honey comb and which the brood comb, knew the "bee-bread," and could pick out at a glance the queen with her little retinue of attendants, that never left her, and the great lazy drones, that did not work at all and ate just as much as any other bees.

Also, he learned to hammer together the little honey-boxes which grandpa paid him ten cents a hundred for mak-



ing. That was fun but, when the day was warm and Grandpa was not watching, it was work, too, and to make a hundred took a good while.

Toggles was learning a great deal these days, so much that when Grandpa went to the city to be gone from Tuesday till Friday, he left the bees partly in charge of Chris and partly in charge of Toggles. That is how this story came to be.

They had been cutting some bits of comb from the bottom and sides of the hives, where bees ought not to put honey, and Chris said, "What does he do with these?"

Toggles thought, but he could not remember.

"Let's put them down in front of the



hives," he suggested, "then the bees can take the honey in and put it somewhere else."

They did it and the bees went to work at once.

Next afternoon Toggles went down among the hives and the very first thing that happened a bee flew straight in his face and stung him right on the end of the nose. He had the stinger out in a second and rubbed on some ammonia but it seemed such an outrageous thing for a bee to do that he put on his bee-veil and went back to see, if he could, what was the matter.

A bit of honey in front of one of the hives was covered with bees and, all around it, were bees struggling and fighting, locked together and rolling



over and over in the grass. Around at the back some other bees seemed trying to get in where the cover fitted loosely and inside was buzzing which had become an angry roar. Toggles went from hive to hive until he had seen them all; and in several of them there seemed to be trouble. What it all meant he could not guess.

He went to the train to meet Grandpa and, driving up from the station Toggles told him all about it. Grandpa did not say much but, as soon as he reached home, he changed his clothes and he and Toggles went down into the bee-yard. Toggles watched him while he scraped the honey from the front of the hives, stopped up the cracks with bits of rags, moved the blocks in front to make the



entrances smaller, and closed some of the hives up altogether. Then they walked over to the honey-house.

“What was the matter, Grandpa?” asked Toggles.

“They were stealing from each other.”

“But what made them steal?” insisted Toggles, for he knew that always before the bees had been perfectly law-abiding.

Grandpa sat down on a pile of “supers,” as they call the frames which they put over the hives, and lifted Toggles to his knee.

“Well,” he said, “when you put the honey out in front of the hives, the bees came to get it, and then bees from other hives came to get it, and then the



bees from the other hives went inside to get more and other bees began doing the same thing, and by and by they were all stealing and fighting."

"But, Grandpa," exclaimed Toggles, "I only did it to help them. I thought it would be easier for them."

"Yes," said Grandpa, "and it was easier. But here is something to remember! It is not a good thing for bees or for boys to have things too easy. Now some boys, when they want money, think that the best way is to go to their mothers, or their fathers, or their grandpas, and ask for it. But I think it's a great deal better for them to earn it, making honey-boxes."

"Yes," Toggles agreed, "so do I."



## CHAPTER VIII

### TWO BOYS WHO DID THINGS OVER

ONE of the things at the farm that Toggles enjoyed the most was, not the feeding of the chickens or the pigs, nor sliding down the haystacks, nor even wading in the creek but just talking with his grandpa, philosophizing they called it, and, to tell the truth, Grandpa seemed to enjoy it as much as Toggles did. Usually they just discussed things in a serious way, but once in a while they told stories. Grandpa always insisted that he was no storyteller but here are two stories that they told each other one day when a sudden



shower had made them run for shelter into the granary. You can judge for yourself whether they are good enough to tell here.

“Once upon a time,” Grandpa began, “there was a boy who did things over.”

“Was he as old as I am?” Toggles asked.

“Yes,” answered Grandpa, “but you never saw him, for he lived a long time ago, when Grandpa was a little boy.”

“All right,” said Toggles; “go on.”

“He had a nice home and his father and mother loved him and, if it had not been for his doing things over, I think he might have grown up to be good.

“You see his mother had told him he must never say any bad words and, for a long time he didn’t but one day he



heard another boy say some and then once, when he was angry *he* said them and then—because he was a boy who did things over—he said some every time he was angry, until he could not have helped it without trying very hard.

“When he was old enough to go to school, he went every day for a whole month and then, one afternoon, he ran away. That of course was a pretty bad thing to do but it could have been made all right again, or almost all right again, if that night he had only told his mother about it and the next morning told his teacher; but he didn’t do that and, what was worse, his doing things over made him run away from school the next day and keep on running away until his mother and his teacher found out about



it and he had to be punished, and even that did not cure him.

“One day, after he had learned to say bad words and run away from school, he saw on his mother’s table a dime that he knew belonged to her and he took it and put it in his pocket and went down town and spent it for candy. Now that, you see, was the worst thing he had done yet, but even for that I feel sure his mother would have forgiven him, if he had only told her about it. But he didn’t, and his doing things over made him keep on taking things that belonged to his father, and his mother, and the little boys and girls who went to school with him, until from being a bad boy, he grew up to be a bad man and, I am sorry to think it, I don’t believe he



ever changed and was good again.”

It was a sad story, and for fully as much as a minute, while the rain poured down and made tiny pools and rivulets all over the farm-yard, Toggles sat thinking and was as quiet as could be.

“But, Grandpa,” he said, finally, “I don’t see how his doing things over made him bad. It was because the things that he did over were bad; if he had done good things over, he would have been a good boy.”

“I declare,” exclaimed Grandpa, “may be that’s so! Suppose you tell me a story about a boy who did good things over.”

Toggles stretched his legs over into the oat-bin and wiggled his toes among the oats.



“Well, once upon a time,” he began, “there was another boy who did things over. He didn’t live a long time ago but you never saw him because he lived a long way off; and his name was Jack. And the first warm day in summer, when he went barefoot, his mama said to him, ‘Jack, be sure to wash your feet before you go to bed,’ and Jack didn’t like to wash his feet but he remembered, and then—he was a boy who did things over, you know—he did it the next night, and then the next night, till finally he hardly had to think about it at all, any more than saying his prayers. And then—And then—oh, yes, and then when he went to school, his mama said, ‘Jack, don’t you ever be tardy,’ and sometimes he had to run



hard but he always got there, and he kept doing it over till nobody ever thought of his being tardy. And then—And then in school his teacher said to him, ‘Jack, learn your lesson,’ and he learned it just as well as he could; and then he kept on getting good lessons—because he was a boy who did things over, you know—and—and I think he grew up to be a good man.”

“Well, now, do you know,” said Grandpa, “I believe your story is a great deal better than mine. Because, you see, my story did not come out very well and I am a good deal like Mabel. I like to have stories come out all right.”



## CHAPTER IX

### BUTTERFLIES AND BOYS

**A**T the farm there were all sorts of interesting and beautiful and enjoyable things, but, what was best of all,—and Toggles said “Thank you” for it every night when he said his prayers—mother was really getting better; not so fast, to be sure, as they would have liked, because she did not get up for breakfast and she had to go to bed even earlier than Toggles, but she no longer needed a nurse and Miss Curtis had gone back to the city. She came down-stairs every day for dinner and supper and could walk about the house



a bit, and one day she felt well enough so that they invited company.

Away down on the river, almost too far for Toggles to walk, Grandpa owned a piece of woods and there were some campers there, a Mr. McRae, who was a minister, and his wife and little daughter Martha. There were some other campers, too, on the other side of the river and farther from town, some "fresh-air children" from the big city—but it isn't time to tell about them yet.

Grandpa and Grandma invited Mr. and Mrs. McRae to dinner and in the afternoon Toggles and Mabel took Martha all over the barn and the other buildings, and swung her in the big swing, and she had a fine time. No bet-



ter time, though, than they did the afternoon that they spent with Martha at the camp. Later they stayed there all night but that, too, is a story that comes later.

The night after their first visit at the camp, Toggles was sitting in the hammock with his grandpa and telling all about what they had done.

“But,” he went on, “there is one thing I don’t understand, and that is, Martha catches butterflies. She keeps them all spread out in a box with glass over it, all different kinds, you know; and they are very pretty and she knows ever so much about them, even their names. There is one kind they call the Monarch and one the Viceroy and then the Tiger Swallow-tail. I never knew



before that butterflies had names; and she knows many hard words about them and just what color each one's wings are, and how their tongues are made, and what they eat. I never thought there were so many things to find out about butterflies and I surely never thought a little girl, not as old as I am, would know them."

"The more a person studies," said Grandpa, "the more he finds that there are wonderful things to learn about nearly everything in the world."

"But that isn't what I started to say," Toggles went on; "she catches them and kills them. She told me she gave them something to smell of that makes them go to sleep, and then they die, and then she and her papa take



them and pin them into the box. He helps her do it—and he's a minister."

"Why not?" asked Grandpa.

"But *killing* them! We don't let anybody kill birds on this farm, you know that; and if it is bad to kill birds, why isn't it bad to kill butterflies?"

"That is a hard kind of question."

"Don't you know the answer?" Toggles inquired anxiously, for, to tell the truth, he had asked some questions to which Grandpa did not know the answer, and he had said he doubted if any one else did.

"Yes," answered Grandpa, "I know the answer, but I am not sure that I can make you understand."

"Try," Toggles suggested.

"Well, in the first place, it isn't al-



ways wrong to kill things. You and I have killed a great many things this summer on purpose. That army now, that's eating our potato-vines—"

"They're just bugs," Toggles interrupted.

"I know, but even bugs like to keep living and growing and we would let them only— Why?"

"They spoil the potatoes."

"Why shouldn't they spoil them?"

Grandpa was always asking questions such as nobody else would ever have thought of asking. Trying to answer them was sometimes almost as much fun as guessing riddles.

"We want the potatoes to eat," said Toggles.

"So do the bugs," said Grandpa.



“Well, but—” and Toggles stopped, puzzled but laughing, “Why we are *folks* and they are just bugs.”

“That’s right,” Grandpa agreed, “and folks are worth more than anything else God has made. That is why we can kill even the chickens, that we are really fond of, if it is for food for people. Do you see?”

“But people don’t eat butterflies,” said Toggles, laughing again, “and butterflies don’t spoil things, the way potato-bugs do. At least,” he added, “I don’t think they spoil things.”

“There the hard part begins,” said Grandpa. “You see the potatoes, and chickens, and other things that we eat go into our mouths to make strong hands and feet, but other things must



go into our ears and eyes to make strong, well-filled— What?”

“Heads.”

“Yes, heads, minds; and all the things we see, and hear, and read about, the flowers, and trees, and animals, and many, many other things, help our minds, just as potatoes and chickens help our bodies. It would be wrong to kill chickens or even potato-bugs just for fun and to carry around a fly-swatter, hitting every butterfly you saw; that, it seems to me, would be very wicked indeed. But to kill a butterfly to study about it and to make some little mind grow by showing it how wonderfully God had made the butterfly, that, I think, is not any more wicked than to kill a chicken to feed some little stom-



ach. You see, it isn't just killing things, it is *why* you kill them that makes it good or bad."

Before he went to bed, when he came in to say good-night, Toggles said:

"Grandpa, could you help me find a verse? The teacher in our Sunday school class, down at the schoolhouse, wanted us each to learn one."

Grandpa took down the big Bible, from which he read each morning and hunted until he found the place. Then he read the verse aloud and Toggles repeated it after him:

" 'Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows.' "

"And if you ever forget just what that means," said Grandpa, "you can think 'butterflies.' "



## CHAPTER X

### LOST IN THE WOODS

**I**T was the following week that the invitation came to stay all night in the camp and I can't begin to tell you the good time that Toggles and Mabel had there, but, on the second afternoon, Grandpa and Grandma and Watch came down to bring them back and, while Grandpa and Grandma were visiting with Mr. and Mrs. McRae and Watch lay asleep in the sunshine, the children went for one last long walk in the woods.

They went farther than they had



meant to and they were so busy playing explorers that they did not give very close attention to the direction in which they were exploring and finally, when they came to a tall stump, beside a tiny, tinkly rivulet with thick bushes growing on either side, all of them thought the same thing at once.

“We’re lost!” exclaimed Martha.  
“I never saw this creek before.”

“We’re lost! We’re lost!” echoed Mabel. “Oh, I want to go back, I want to go back.”

And she set up a dismal cry.

Toggles said nothing but it came over him suddenly that he was the only boy, and the oldest of the three besides, and that if they reached camp before dark he must find the way for them. If they



were not in before dark, then Grandpa and Mr. McRae would take Watch, and some lanterns, and Watch would put his nose close to the ground, just as if he were smelling for a rabbit, and he would follow their trail and find them. Watch could do that, he knew, but it was not pleasant to think of spending even a part of the long night all alone by themselves in the big, dark woods, and so Toggles thought hard.

“All holler!” he said. “One, two, three, *now*.”

And they all shouted—even little Mabel, whose voice was choked with sobs.

“Now listen,” he directed.

They listened but there was no answer, only the chatter of a squirrel on a branch above and the “Caw! Caw!” of



the crows, as if they were making fun of them.

“Try again,” he said.

And again they shouted and listened but no answer came.

Mabel began to cry once more; Martha's chin was quivering and her eyes were full of tears. Toggles saw clearly that if he showed a moment's weakening there would be a panic.

“Father told me once,” he began, his voice very even and unconcerned, “that if I ever got lost in the woods I must holler first and then, if no one answered, I must make a ‘base’ by tying my handkerchief to a bush and then keep trying different directions until I found the right path but he said I mustn't go far and I must keep turning back to the



base, and he said to holler every time I came back."

The others began to look more hopeful.

"Now this," he went on, tying his handkerchief to a bush, "is our 'base,' and whatever you do you mustn't lose it. We'll go off, one one way and one another, and every step or two you must break over a bush, so you can find your way back to the handkerchief. You see, the under sides of the leaves are a different color, so it will be easy enough to trace your way back. Just go a little way and then, if you don't find a path or anything, you must follow back and start over. It'll be lots easier for three than for one, because we can holler to each other. Now—"



“But we can’t do that,” exclaimed Martha.

“Why not?”

“Why, Mabel is too little and she is too tired. We’ve walked a long way and—if we leave her alone she’ll cry. You know, she thinks there are bears in these woods.”

That was of course very foolish. There were no bears in the woods and there had been none since Grandpa was a baby, but then, what did that matter, so long as Mabel thought they were there? Toggles did some hard thinking.

“She’ll have to stay at the ‘base,’” he said, “but—now—I’ll tell you—” as there came a brilliant idea—“she must



sing, good and loud, then we can't lose the place. See here, Mabel."

And he explained it.

Mabel was a good deal like other small sisters and frequently it did not seem to her at all necessary that she should do what Toggles suggested, even if he was three years older, but this time she seemed to see that it was really important that each one should do his part. So she nodded gravely and then sat down on a moss covered log.

"I'll sing 'Ve Friend of Little Children,'" she announced. "I learned it in ve Sunday School—all ve verses. Good-by."

She waved her hand and, as Toggles and Martha disappeared into the under-



growth, breaking bushes and calling now and then, they heard behind them the voice of little Mabel, singing in the lonely woods:

“Vere’s a friend of little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
A friend who never changes,  
Whose love can never die.”

A couple of rods away Toggles climbed upon a stump to get a wider view but all about looked unfamiliar. There were the trees and flowers, that were the same in all parts of the woods; there was the cawing of the crows, who must have known where the path was but who would not tell. But nowhere was there a sign of a beaten path, or a glimpse of the river, or of the white canvas of the tents.



He was nearing the top of the hillock and Mabel, hidden in the dense brush, had finished her song and begun again when suddenly he stopped and listened. Was the voice growing fainter? Or—no, it was moving away. What could it mean?

It was dangerous hurrying, one might miss the trail, but he went back from broken bush to broken bush, twice as fast as he had come and stopped, panting, at the “base.”

There hung the waving handkerchief, there was the moss-grown log but no sign of Mabel or of Martha. He shouted, listened, and the next moment Martha burst through the undergrowth.

“What’s the matter?” he demanded.  
 “She’s gone.”



Martha was crying and very badly frightened.

“Mabel,” shouted Toggles at the top of his voice, “Mabel, come back. Come back here.”

It seemed a long, long time and then a wee, small voice came out of the woods, far ahead:

“I ca-a-a-an’t come back. He won’t let me!”

Martha’s tears burst out afresh, for this sounded very bear-like, and Toggles shouted with all his might. Could it be that some animal was dragging the child away? They dared not think what might be happening, they only pressed on, with breathless speed, in the direction of the voice. They must rescue Mabel.



“What’s the matter?” called Toggles. “Tell us who is with you.”

“He’ve got me by ve dwess—let go, you naughty, bad—let go, or I’ll stwike you—I’ll—”

And the rest was lost in a sound of scuffling and sobs.

The rescuers were hurrying as fast as they could but there was danger in having no sound to guide them. They looked this way and that and Toggles called once more.

“Mabel! Mabel!” he commanded. “Sing, sing as loud as you can. We’ll be there in a minute.”

And, in obedience, came through the matted undergrowth, in broken and interrupted snatches, tears in the child’s voice but bravery as well:



“Vere’s a friend—of little—child—ren—  
Above—ve bright—blue—sky—  
A friend—”

And then, as they burst through a tangle of sumac and hazel, they saw it all—faithful Watch, with his teeth firmly set in Mabel’s little skirt, and dragging her relentlessly along, in spite of her cuffs, and kicks, and holdings back.

That night, when Toggles lay snug in bed and the rain he so loved to hear had begun to fall softly upon the roof, he called to his mother in the other room: “Oh, Mother.”

“Yes,” she replied.

“How did Watch happen to come looking for us?”

“Grandma sent him,” explained



Mother, who had heard the whole story. "She said, 'Watch, I haven't seen the children for a long while. You go find them.' And he started right off, as if he knew just what she meant."

"Oh, that was it," mused Toggles. "But, anyhow," he added a moment later, "I think, 'The Friend of Little Children' helped a good deal."



## CHAPTER XI

### MABEL'S PARTY

**T**HREE birthdays, Toggles's and Mother's and Mabel's, came that summer while they were at the farm but Mabel's came first and, for weeks beforehand, Toggles was planning about it with Grandpa or Grandma, or Mother, for that was the time when Mother seemed so much better; she came down stairs to almost all her meals and she was nearly like her old self. Most things about the party were easily arranged but one was more serious: where were they to find any five-year-old little girls to come as guests?



"You don't think we could postpone it?" queried Toggles one night.

"We could postpone the party," answered Mother, "but I am afraid a birthday could not be postponed so well."

"No," Toggles admitted, "and a party wouldn't really seem like a birthday party if it didn't come on your birthday. Only, if we were at home, why, Mary, and Jean, and Ruth, and Flossie could come and Mabel would enjoy it so much more."

"Aren't there some little folks here that you could invite?" asked mother.

"There's Martha, from the camp," answered Toggles, "but you can't have a party with just one. Yes—and there's Johnny but he's a boy and I



don't think Mabel cares much for Johnny."

Toggles had just crawled into bed and Mother sat beside him in her little rocking-chair. It was the time they usually read or told stories.

"I think I'll tell you a story about a party," she said.

"A birthday party?"

"No, another kind—a wedding party. Once upon a time there was a king who had a little boy."

"He would be a prince, wouldn't he?" commented Toggles, snuggling down more comfortably to listen.

"Yes, and the prince grew up taller and stronger every day until finally he was old enough to get married; and then the king, his father, made a splendid



wedding for him. On great tables in the largest room in the palace, they put everything good to eat and drink that they could think of, the servants were behind the chairs to pass things and they were all ready, except that the people whom the king had invited did not come. They waited, and waited, and waited, until the king was afraid that a mistake had been made, and so he sent a servant to ask some of the people who lived near why they had not come. The servant had not been gone long when back he came, running as hard as he could, with his clothes all torn, and covered with mud that had been thrown at him. Then he told the king that the people he had invited were all angry about something and said



they were not any of them coming to his party.”

“How did the king like that?” asked Toggles.

“He was not pleased, you may be sure, but he did not storm about it. He said, ‘Very well. The people I have invited are not here but there are plenty of other people who will be glad to come. Go out and bring them in.’ So the king’s servants went out into the streets of the city and, wherever they found a poor lame man, or a blind man, or a beggar child, they asked, ‘Wouldn’t you like to come to the king’s party?’ and the answer was always ‘Yes,’ until every chair was filled and I think they must have had a very good time, for I suppose that some of the poor little



children in that big city had never been to a party before. And now it is almost nine o'clock and time that my boy was fast asleep. Good-night."

Mother kissed him and blew out the light, and went down-stairs.

Now in all the almost eight years of Toggles's life he had never heard of a birthday that had not meant a party, and presents, and a birthday cake with candles—unless it was a grown-up birthday and usually even grown-ups had such things. And so the idea of a boy or a girl who had never even been to a party, any sort of a party, was quite terrible. To be sure Mother's story was about something that happened a long time ago; but perhaps—who could tell?—there might be chil-



dren in the world now who had never been to a party. He wondered if there were and who they could be. Perhaps some of those "fresh-air" children, whom Mr. McRae had told them about and whom grandpa was some day going to take him to see. They lived in a big city, like the beggar children in the story, and just then, so quick and sudden that he sat straight up in bed—Toggles had an idea.

"I'll do it," he exclaimed; but then he remembered that there was no one to hear what he said; so, without explaining what he would do, he lay down and went fast asleep.

All the next morning he was thinking about his plan but not a word did he say until dinner was over and he and



Grandpa and Grandma were in the surrey on their way to the camp. Then he asked Grandpa a question:

“Grandpa,” he said, “do you suppose there are any of those children who never went to a party?”

“I should not be at all surprised,” answered Grandpa.

“And how many of them are there?”

“I saw the man who has charge of the camp yesterday and he told me there were about fifty.”

“Well, Grandpa,” exclaimed Toggles, “do you think we could invite *them* for Mabel’s party? Fifty is a good many.”

“I think it would be a very nice thing,” answered Grandpa, and Grandma said so, too.



They stayed all the afternoon at the "fresh-air" camp and the grown folks learned about the children and their homes, and how they had been brought from the dust and heat of the city to live for two weeks in the country, which some of them had never even seen before in all their lives.

Most of the children were little girls, older to be sure than Mabel, but they seemed like very nice little girls and the three young women and the young man in charge of the camp said that they *were*. There were also three specially trustworthy boys who helped with the work and Toggles played with them and went swimming with them and had a fine time. Before they left for home, he went up to the young man who was



the head of the camp and asked him if at supper time he would invite all the children to come to the farm for Mabel's birthday party on the next Friday.

When I think of trying to tell you about that party, it seems perfectly hopeless. I simply could not tell you all about it for, if I did, there would be no room left to tell about anything else. But I can tell you some. The children came in two hay-racks at three o'clock and they stayed until seven, which is not so very long, but plenty of time for fifty children to do a great many things.

They played drop-the-handkerchief, and ring-around-a-rosy, and sheep-in-fold, and pull-away. Grandpa let them slide down one of the haystacks and



there they played shooting the chutes; there were foot-races, and jumping, and a three-legged race, which was almost the most fun of all. Oh, yes, and they played follow-the-leader and London Bridge. And then there was supper, with such berries as you never buy in boxes and such cream as no city wagon ever carried and, instead of a big birthday cake, fifty little cakes with a candle on each one. After supper the man who was head of the camp had the children sing some of their songs, and go through their gymnastic drill, and some of them spoke pieces, and one of the ladies told two lovely stories, and when they were all on the hay-racks again, they began to give their yells.



As they drove down the road, fifty voices were shouting:

*“What’s the matter with Mabel and Toggles?”*

*“They’re all right!”*

*“Who’s all right!”*

*“Mabel and Toggles!”*

Then they yelled for Martha, who had come from the camp so that she could be there, too, and for Grandpa, and for Grandma, and for Chris, who had swung them in the big swing, and the last thing that Toggles and Mabel heard was those fifty shrill voices, cheering for the haystacks and the pigs.

That night, when Toggles lay snug in



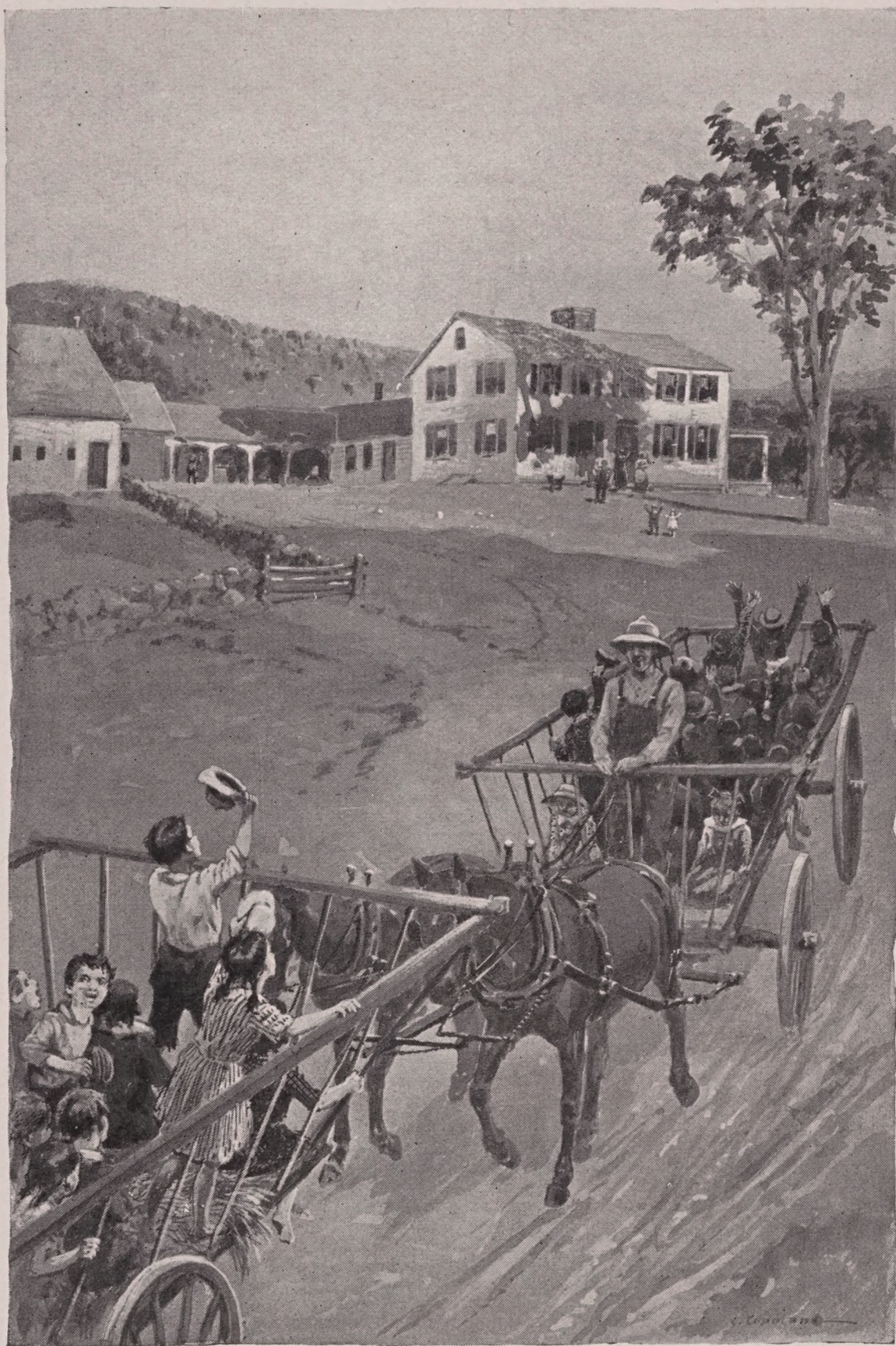
bed and mother again sat beside him in her little rocking-chair and Mabel was fast asleep, Toggles suddenly exclaimed:

“Mother, do you remember that story you told me about the king who gave the party to the lame men, and the blind men, and the little beggar children. Well, I’ve got some more of that story; it’s partly made up but I *think* it’s true. Shall I tell it to you?”

“Yes,” answered mother. “You tell it to me.”

“All right. Well, when they had all gone home, and had had such a good time, and the king had had such a very, very good time, he sat down on his throne and took his crown off and he said, ‘Well, well, who would have





*"WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MABEL AND TOGGLES?" "THEY'RE  
ALL RIGHT!" — Page 119.*







thought I could have enjoyed myself so much! It was really the best party I ever had. And my next party, I'm going to invite those folks the very first ones.' And—and that's all."



## CHAPTER XII

### THE SMILE-HOLES

**T**HE next day was not altogether happy. For one thing, Toggles had had a stomach-ache a good share of the night. To be sure, he could understand just how he came by it: he had eaten all he could hold at Mabel's party—most of them had done that—and then, right after they had eaten, they had had another game of sheep-in-fold and Toggles had "stood" and he had had to run hard and long; that quite likely had given him the stomach-ache, at least so Grandma thought, but knowing the



reason did not of course make it hurt any less.

Far worse than that was Mother's not being well. She could not get up for breakfast, in fact she did not eat any breakfast. She was just tired, she said, and wanted to lie perfectly still and Toggles knew *she* had not eaten too much birthday cake and her being in bed again, when they had all thought she was getting on so well, was pretty discouraging.

But even that might not have depressed Toggles, it took a good deal to depress him, if it had not been for the little things—somehow they often irritate more than the big ones. At breakfast he made a mistake and set the cream-pitcher down on top of the but-



ter-dish and spilled all the cream. Grandma was always nice about such things but he knew nobody wants spots on a clean table-cloth. Grandma thought he was not well enough to go with Chris on the load of hay. That was a disappointment but he went outdoors with his sling-shot—and his very first shot broke a rubber. He fixed it as well as he could and then the other broke. You would have almost said that it broke on purpose. Of course it didn't but it looked that way. So Toggles was quite down-hearted.

He went into the tool-house and sat down on a box beside the bench where Grandpa was working and Grandpa could see that, if he had been Mabel, he would have been crying. Being a boy,



Toggles could not of course do that but sometimes, once in a great while, he wished he could.

“How’s the stomach-ache?” asked Grandpa.

“Better,” answered Toggles, soberly.

Grandpa hammered hard on the rivet that was to hold a new tooth in the mower. A mowing-machine, he had explained to Toggles, can’t get its teeth filled; when one is broken, it just has to have a new one and to-day Grandpa was being a sort of dentist.

“Where’s your sling-shot?” he inquired.

“I broke it,” returned Toggles, gravely.

“That’s too bad,” said Grandpa. “I wonder if we could fix it. There was



another rubber around here somewhere."

"I know," said Toggles. But he did not make any move to get it, nor take the broken sling-shot out of his pocket. Grandpa, who had now given the mowing-machine its new tooth, could see that the matter was serious.

He took Toggles's hand and together they crossed the yard to the spring-house. Grandpa pumped a basin of water, washed his hands and face and stood rubbing them dry in front of the little mirror that hung on a nail against the outside wall. Toggles stood watching with no particular interest, when all at once Grandpa put his face close to the looking-glass and widened his mouth out until it seemed to stretch almost



across his face. It looked so funny that, if Toggles had not been feeling down-hearted, he would have laughed.

“Can you do that?” asked Grandpa, solemnly, passing the mirror to Toggles.

Toggles took it and tried. He could widen his mouth out pretty far—not, of course, as far as Grandpa could.

“What does it do to your face?” asked Grandpa.

“Why,” Toggles’s mouth was widened until it almost hurt and he was feeling of his hard, sun-burned little cheeks. “Why, it makes those two round holes, one at each corner of my mouth.”

“It looks—” Grandpa spoke slowly and hesitatingly. “It looks as if you were smiling.”



“Yes,” Toggles admitted, “it does.”

And, when he said it, his face looked more than ever as if he were smiling.

“See if you can make those holes and *not* smile,” Grandpa suggested.

Toggles tried it, but the minute he made those holes his face looked as if he were smiling and he *was* smiling.

“Isn’t it funny!” he exclaimed.

“I have never known anybody,” declared Grandpa, “who could make those holes in his cheeks without smiling or who could smile without feeling ‘smiley’ inside. How is it with you? Do you feel that way? Or don’t you?”

Toggles thought hard for a moment.

“I believe I do,” he confessed. “Ah—kind of.”



“Try making those holes again,” directed Grandpa.

Toggles did, and this time it was so funny that he laughed outright.

“Why, when you open those holes the smiles just pop out,” he exclaimed, “and then you can’t help feeling happy.”

“I’ve noticed,” said Grandpa, “that smiles cheer up the people who smile them and they cheer up those who only see them but, if you don’t open the holes where they live, how can they ever get out?”

Three Plymouth Rock hens near the watering-trough seemed to get word of something, for they set off in great excitement and Toggles looked up to see



what it was all about. Grandma had stepped from the kitchen door with a plate of scraps and the chickens were coming from every direction.

“Look, Grandpa,” he exclaimed. “Look at Grandma’s cheeks! Why, she doesn’t *have* to open the smile-holes. They are there, all the time and, really, she is smiling all the time.”

“That’s so,” Grandpa exclaimed, “and, do you know, I believe Grandma *feels happy* all the time. That is what the smile-holes will do, if a person when he is little just forms the habit and opens them ever so often. It’s quite important.”

And, as Toggles and Grandpa walked hand in hand toward the house, Toggles had a deep smile-hole in each cheek.



## CHAPTER XIII

### THE DOWNTRODDEN CITY

IT sounds unreasonable to say that there was a city right on the farm that Toggles had never seen and yet that is perfectly true, a city that he did not see for a month, a busy city, with citizens hurrying to and fro in its streets and popping in and out of their strange houses and all as active and as busy as could be and as happy, apparently, as busy people commonly are.

Toggles *might* have seen it any time. It had been there ever since he came to the farm and for long before but somehow he had overlooked it until one day



when he was playing ball with Johnny and the ball went past him into the field across the road. He ran to get it and was hardly over the fence before he stumbled and, when he turned around, there lay a fourth part of the city little better than a ruin and Toggles exclaimed:

“My! What a big ant-hill!”

There was a perfect panic among the inhabitants whose houses had been destroyed and they were all running about as if distracted, except a few who kept cool and were carrying away and hiding some little white things that looked like tiny grains of rice. Toggles did not stop. He hurried off to finish the game. Still it interested him and, when Johnny had gone home, he came back.



All the little white things had been put away, the panic seemed to be over and it looked as if the citizens had bravely resolved to build everything up again, just as quickly and as well as they could. Toggles watched them working and, as he watched, he began to think and the thinking did not make him feel any more comfortable.

Fifteen minutes ago they had all been happy, each family had its own little house (a dirt house, to be sure, but some *people* had no better) and each citizen was free to go about his own business or pleasure. Now all that was over. A fourth part of them were homeless, the rest must all turn in and help their unfortunate neighbors. It might take weeks, for all he knew, to repair the in-



jury and he, Toggles, had made all the trouble. True enough, he had not meant to, he would not have thought of doing such a thing on purpose but the ants did not know that; for all they knew, the very thing for which he crossed the road might have been to kick their town to pieces.

He tried to imagine how he would feel if a great giant as tall as fourteen trees should clumsily stumble over the schoolhouse at home, and the new Congregational Church, and twenty houses and leave nothing of them but brick-dust and slivers. It would, he felt sure, scare him almost to death.

He wished he could make it up to the ants but he could not think what to do. The ball began the trouble but it had



not meant to do it any more than he had, and, even if he burned it up, that would not do the ants any good. As to helping them repair their streets and houses, Toggles knew perfectly well that he was not smart enough for that.

Just then he spied Grandpa coming from the hay-field and ran across the road and told him all about it. He knew, of course, that it was not any such great matter as if it had been an injury done to people, but those ants weren't the kind that got into the pantry. They had never done Toggles any harm and he wanted to make things right with them.

Grandpa understood and was perfectly serious when he told him about it.

"I see," he said, "you have harmed



the city and you want to make it up. There is only one thing to do—you must pay an indemnity.”

“A what?” asked Toggles.

“An indemnity—something like a ransom, you know;—and, if I were in your place, I would pay it right now. It is a serious thing to owe everybody in a whole city.”

“I know it,” returned Toggles, “but what shall I pay? I spent all my money for the ball and, anyway, they wouldn’t want money.”

“No,” said Grandpa, “it would have to be something ants like. Let me see—sugar, I should say. And I wouldn’t ask Grandma for it, I would earn it. I believe if you sprinkle her flowers right now and then promise to sprinkle



them again to-morrow, she will give you two spoonfuls of sugar and that, I think, would be enough so that every one in the city could have some."

Toggles raced into the house and Grandpa was right. Grandma was quite willing to make such a bargain. As soon as the flowers had been watered, she gave him the sugar and he hurried back to the city and, sitting down, emptied his indemnity just outside the city limits. There were not many inhabitants on that side but their attention was instantly caught. A big, black, alderman ant came up to examine the nearest sugar-grain, then seized it and some others, encouraged by his example, each took a grain and started off.

In five minutes every one in the city



had heard the news but the mayor and council appeared to have taken charge; all was done with such perfect order and system. First the sugar in the streets was gathered up, then the scattered grains collected and finally, the laborers, going and coming in regular files, began their work upon the big central heap itself.

Toggles had never imagined anything so interesting; and he lay flat upon his stomach, watching every new move until the sun was overhead and across the road he heard Grandma ringing the dinner-bell.

Mother had not been able to sit up all day but she was ready for a visit that night and when Toggles went in at bed time, he told her all about the down-



trodden city, and the indemnity that he had paid and that they had so gratefully accepted.

“And now,” he demanded, “do you know what I am going to do?”

Mother did not, though he gave her three guesses.

“Well, I have been talking some more with Grandpa about it and he says there is something that big countries sometimes do for little ones: they establish a protectorate. And that’s what I’m going to do for the ants. And you remember when we were looking at pictures in the big history book? And the funny flag we found, with the snake on it, and that said, ‘Don’t tread on me’? Well, I’m going to have that for the ants’ flag and I’m going to put



it up over the city where the ants live, so that there won't any other boy step on the city the way I did. Could you help me make the flag? When you're better, I mean?"

Mother thought she could and later, one day, she did, and after that the city was downtrodden no more for it had found a powerful friend and protector.



## CHAPTER XIV

### THE "WHY" OF THE WEEDS

**D**URING the days while Mother was not able to be up and about the house, Toggles and Grandpa were together a great deal and they grew to be very well acquainted. Every day, too, Toggles was learning more about the farm.

Some of the things, like the time for milking, and the names of the flowers, and the way to the woods and the creek, he had learned right off and easily; but there were other things that were hard, things he had to think about and "philosophize" over with Grandpa and then



think about some more, before he understood them very well, and one of these things was the weeds.

It was not because he had not had plenty of chance to get acquainted with them, for there were all kinds of them, pigweed, and ragweed, and chickweed, and a hundred other varieties and they had all been on the farm long before Toggles ever saw them there. In fact they were there, so Grandpa said, long before ever *he* came, and of course there was no use of going back farther than that; but the "why" was a different question.

Perhaps the wrong start made it harder and this was the way that happened.

They were hoeing together in the gar-



den (for of course Toggles worked some, I would not have you think he just played all summer), and it was very hot, and almost dinner-time, and the hoeing was hard.

"They bother a good deal, don't they, Grandpa?" panted Toggles, stopping a moment to fan himself with his straw hat and wonder when the dinner-bell would ring.

"Like sixty," said Grandpa, which was about as near to slang as he ever came.

Now, of course Toggles did not like to be bothered himself nor to have any one else bothered. It did not seem right that they should be and so—

"Are weeds just *bad*, Grandpa?" he asked.



“Mighty bad,” said Grandpa, hoeing harder than ever; and it was not until after dinner, when they were sitting down to rest a little while before they went back to work, that he really understood what Toggles had meant, for this time the question was:

“Grandpa, why did God make the weeds?”

Then Grandpa tried to explain that the weeds, just by themselves, were not really bad—he had not meant that—but they were bad to have growing in a garden. Weeds would look better growing out of the bare ground than nothing at all there. Some weeds, like smartweed and mustard, were useful for some things; other weeds were useful, probably, only we had not found out yet just



what they were useful for; some day perhaps we would.

"And some weeds simply need to be trained," Grandpa went on; "they have grown bad just as some boys do, because there was no one to look after them, and they can be made good again. Now, out in California, there is a man named Mr. Burbank—"

"Mother has told me about him," said Toggles.

"And he has taken the burdock, which is one of the very meanest weeds we have, you know how we have cut them down and dug them out and they simply *won't* die, and he has trained it until he has made it so good that people can eat it and like it as well as parsnips."



They talked about it quite a while it was so interesting, and for a long time after that the "why" of the weeds did not bother Toggles any more. Then one sultry, sticky day, when he and Grandpa had been hoeing until they were both so tired that they had gone to rest for a little while under the maples, Toggles suddenly sat straight up to ask:

"Grandpa, why did God let 'em grow there? Why didn't he just let 'em grow where they would do good and not any harm?"

"We would not have to hoe them out if they did not grow there, would we?" said Grandpa.

"No. That's what I mean."

Grandpa let his hand slide from Tog-



gles's shoulder down to his arm, and Toggles doubled his fist and brought it up to his chin, which was the way he always did when any one wanted to feel his muscle.

"There's more there than when you first came to the farm," said Grandpa.

"I should say there was!" Toggles answered.

"And some of it came from hoeing weeds."

Toggles had not thought of that before.

"Then, there is another thing," Grandpa went on. "I don't know whether I can make it quite plain, but stirring up the ground around the roots of the plants make it easier for them to drink the rain. If the ground is not



stirred up, the water makes for itself little pipes and runs away through them almost too fast for the little root-lets to drink it. So, you see, hoeing the weeds out makes the ground better for the corn, and the potatoes, and the other things to grow in; and if the weeds did not come, we might not hoe the ground at all, almost surely we would not hoe it so much; and, if we did not hoe it, the things we wanted to have grow would get very thirsty. They might even die."

Toggles thought a good while, for really it was a little complicated.

"Then we might even say," he suggested, turning to see if Grandpa agreed with him, "we might even say that it



was the weeds that *made* the garden grow."

"They help," said Grandpa, "in that one way. And," he added, "when we find other bothersome things growing in the world, we must not decide right away because we see them there that we must leave them to grow. May be God put them there just so we and other people could grow stronger and better and happier by pulling them up."



## CHAPTER XV.

### THE SPINNERS

**I**T was a fine thing for Toggles when he became acquainted with Johnny, for of course Johnny knew a great deal more about all the region than Toggles did, having lived there all his life, but even Johnny had never before taken the walk they took on this particular afternoon. Starting from Johnny's house, which was across the orchard, two fields and the wood-lot, they followed the little creek, wading part of the time, down to where it empties into the big creek and there, right on the bridge you cross



when you go to town, they found the spinners.

“I never saw so many before at one time. Did you?” exclaimed Toggles.

“No,” answered Johnny. “What shall we do with them?”

“I don’t know.”

For a long time now they had known just what to do about birds, and ants, and toads, and frogs, and mosquitoes (you always killed mosquitoes) but about spiders it never had been settled, and here was a whole bridge fairly swarming with them—a thousand, Toggles said, and they actually counted sixty before they got tired; spiders with fat, black bodies, as big as a good-sized hazel-nut, with awkward-looking, wiry legs and an array of webs that made the



whole bridge look as if the fairies had been using it for clothes-bars. They never had seen anything like it before.

“Let’s snap ’em off into the creek,” suggested Johnny; “may be some fish will jump for ’em.”

“Let’s think about it first,” said Toggles; “may be they’re helping us some way—like Grandpa showed us the toads were.”

“Helping!” snorted Johnny, quite scornfully. “Don’t they make cobwebs all over where they ought not to? Doesn’t your grandma drive out every one that gets into the house? My mother does.”

“Yes, that’s so,” answered Toggles, “but these aren’t making cobwebs where they ought not. Nobody ever



dusts a bridge, and I think it even makes it look prettier to have cobwebs on it, 'specially when there's dew on 'em like there must be early in the morning. You know yourself how pretty they look on the grass. Besides, spiders catch flies, and I guess your mother drives out flies every single day."

"But spiders bite folks," retorted Johnny. "My brother had a spider bite on his foot once, right between the toes—we always thought it was a spider—and it got awful sore, and he couldn't walk on it for 'most a month."

"Was that this kind of a spider?" asked Toggles.

"I don't know."

"May be it was a different kind of a spider, and may be there are some good



kinds of spiders and some bad kinds.”

“How do you mean?”

“Well, like there are of bugs. There are lady-bugs, that Grandpa says don’t hurt things, and really are kind of pretty, and then there’s potato-bugs that we’ve been fighting ’most all the summer and still they are spoiling the potato-vines. May be it’s that way.”

“I don’t believe there are any good kinds of spiders.”

It looked as if Johnny were getting the better of the argument, Toggles had used so many “may bes” but just then there came to him a new idea and he said:

“Let’s watch ’em.”

So they watched them. There was a big fellow just in front of them who



seemed to be repairing his web, one strand was loose, and it was very interesting to see how deftly his crawly-looking legs (or perhaps they were arms) gathered it up and rolled it into a ball.

“Lots better than we could do it,” as Johnny said.

Then Johnny went farther down the bridge and in a moment he called back:

“Come. Come here, quick. Aw, you’ve missed it.”

And when Toggles wanted to know what he had missed, Johnny explained that just that moment a honey-bee—  
“may be it was one of your grandpa’s”—had gotten tangled in the web and was making a dreadful ado about it, when out rushed the spider from the center



of the web and cut the strand loose, so that he flew away.

"I guess the spider was afraid of Mrs. Bee," exclaimed Johnny.

"Or, may be," suggested Toggles, "may be they were friends and he had not meant to catch him, but it was just an accident, like a hunter setting a trap and may be catching a dog."

"May be," assented Johnny.

They must have stood for a half-hour, watching the many spiders and finding out no end of new and curious things about them. Meanwhile they had forgotten all about snapping them off into the creek but, when they were half-way home, another idea came to Toggles.

"I'll tell you," he exclaimed, "I don't know surely, but I believe those spiders



*are* helping us after all. Do you remember the night Grandpa took us out rowing, down on the big creek? In Mr. Smith's boat?"

Of course Johnny remembered.

"Well, you know how the little flies were swarming there, just like a snow-storm, and you swallowed one?"

They both chuckled, for it had been very funny.

"Well, I just believe those spiders have made their webs there on the bridge to catch those flies."

It looked reasonable, and when Toggles reached home, he told the whole story to Grandpa.

"Of course, I'm not sure," he explained, "because I never thought of it until we were on the way home and then



we didn't remember surely if we had seen any of that kind of flies caught in the webs or not and we were too tired to go back and look, but I think that was it and, anyway, it was very interesting watching those spiders."

"I really don't know surely, either," answered Grandpa, "but, as you say, it looks so. I am very sure, though, that you did the right thing, for when you see any kind of animals, little or big, the one thing that you can always be certain about is that they want to keep on living, and so it is never a good plan to kill them unless there is a very good reason for it and a very *sure* reason."



## CHAPTER XVI

### THE "PROMISSORY" BIRTHDAY

SOMETIMES it seems as if one important thing is hardly out of the way before another one just as important or more so comes up to take its place, and a person must begin right away to think and to plan and sometimes worry a little bit about that. You may not have found it so, but Toggles did. Mabel's birthday was past and had been a complete success, and here was Mother's birthday coming and what was to be done about that?

It was in the tool-house that he and Grandpa had most of their week-day



conferences (on Sundays it was usually in the hammock) and, if you had been one of the chickens outside the door, and could have heard what was said, you would have appreciated how serious were some of the matters that they talked over.

“I don’t s’pose she is well enough for a party,” Toggles hesitated.

“I am afraid not,” answered Grandpa.

There was no need to say more about that, it only made them both sad to remember that Mother was not getting well as fast as they had hoped she would.

“But of course we can give her presents just the same,” suggested Toggles.

“Certainly.”



"You know, Grandpa, I've thought a good deal about that. I would like to give her something very expensive, like a gold watch or a diamond ring, or something like that. Only of course she has a watch and she likes the ring Papa gave her better than she would any other, no matter how much it cost; and, anyhow, I haven't very much money. Not nearly enough to buy jewelry or anything like that."

"I don't believe Mother would care a great deal for jewelry," commented Grandpa.

"May be Mother wouldn't. There's candy, though. She likes that—a little. I might get her a big box of candy."

"Yes." Grandpa stopped to drive a nail into the new chicken-coop he was



making. "But I never saw Mother with a box of candy that she didn't give away a great deal more of than she ate herself."

Toggles nodded. He had noticed that, too, now that he stopped to think.

"Besides," Grandpa went on to say, "Grandma, you know, is planning to have chicken for dinner, with custard for dessert—nutmeg on top and in the little glass bowls, you know; and then for supper warm biscuit and maple syrup, and I really believe Mother likes custard and maple syrup better than she does candy."

"Grandpa," exclaimed Toggles, "what would you get her—if you had thirty-eight cents? What can I buy that she would really like?"



Grandpa laid down his hammer and very seriously gave his whole attention to the matter.

"Why do you *buy* her anything?" he asked.

"Why, Grandpa, I've got to give her something—that is, of course, I haven't *got* to but—"

"You wouldn't need to *buy* it."

"No—o. I could make her something, may be. But would that be as nice?"

"I think it would be nicer, if you made what I am thinking about."

"What is it?" Toggles demanded.

"Well," answered Grandpa, "I wouldn't think first about the thirty-eight cents. I would begin by saying to myself, 'What can I give that would



please Mother the most?' And I think I know."

"What is it?"

"Sometimes," Grandpa began, "I have heard Mother say, 'It's time to go to bed now,' or 'Can't you let Mabel play with the blocks for a little while?' or 'Better put your shoes on now,' when you had been barefoot, you know; and always, of course, you did what Mother asked you to do but you did not always do it right off and as if you wanted to do it."

"I know," admitted Toggles.

It was not at all a pleasant topic to talk about and he did not see what it could possibly have to do with Mother's birthday.

"Well, now," Grandpa continued, "I



know, because I was a father long before I was a grandfather, that there is nothing that makes fathers and mothers so happy as to have their children mind *right off*, and as if they enjoyed it even more than having their own way."

"I know, Grandpa," Toggles confessed, "and I mean to mind that way, always, but, you see, I forget—"

"I know just how that is," Grandpa conceded; "you see I was a boy even before I was a father and *that's* where the present comes in. Do you remember the day we bought the pigs of Mr. Sallow? And the piece of paper I gave him, that I told you was a promissory note?"

Toggles nodded. He remembered all about it.



“Now, if I should forget that I owe Mr. Salow that thirty dollars, he would just show me that piece of paper and I would remember and pay him. What if you gave Mother, for her birthday, something that she could show you—Well, say you and Mabel were fussing a little bit—you know sometimes you *do*; and suppose Mabel were all in the wrong—you know sometimes she *is*. Mother might show you your present and you would stop, right then and there, and give Mabel the croquet-mallet, or the next turn in the swing, or whatever it was, *not* because Mabel deserved it but because that would be your birthday present to Mother and you would know that it would please Mother to have no more fussing.”



It seemed like a good idea. They talked a long while about it and then, after supper, Toggles told Grandma and she, too, thought it was a fine plan.

It certainly was a great surprise to Mother. She never guessed one thing about it and, even when she found it on the tray on which they carried in her breakfast, and was unwinding the tissue-paper wrapping, she had no idea what was inside.

What came out of the wrapping was a little booklet, such as Toggles had learned to make in school, with a heavy, gray paper cover, the end tied with a bow of blue ribbon, and lettered:

FOR MOTHER, FROM TOGGLES.

She opened it and found it contained



twelve little white slips, carefully perforated along one edge with a pin, so that they could easily be torn out, and on each slip, written just as carefully as a seven-year-old boy could write it, were these words:

GOOD FOR ONE CHEERFUL MINDING.

PAYABLE **PROMPTLY** ON DEMAND.

TOGGLES.

And the best of it was, every one of them was paid exactly as agreed. Mother said that she never in her life had had a better birthday present.



## CHAPTER XVII

### THE WEED THAT GOT STARTED

I HAVE thought a great deal about this story. Sometimes I have thought I would tell it to you and sometimes I have thought I would not.

“If I tell it,” I have said to myself, “perhaps they won’t like Toggles so well—and I wouldn’t want that to happen.

“Yes, but,” the next minute I would be saying again, “it really *happened*—just as much as any of the other things. Perhaps the boys and girls who read this book ought to know about it: perhaps it might possibly help them.”



So finally I have decided to tell it but to leave out all the unpleasant part except the last.

Outside the carriage-house Toggles and Mabel were playing and inside Grandpa was working. I think he was oiling a harness, anyway, it was something that did not make any noise, and they did not know he was there. If they had known, things might have been different for people were nearly always happy where Grandpa was and Toggles and Mabel were not happy. They said things to each other that I am not going to tell you about and they did things to each other—Mabel stuck out her tongue and Toggles made up a face— It was really quite disgraceful—! And then



Mabel went into the house to find Grandma and Toggles wandered about the yard, feeling uncomfortable and not knowing just what to do until Grandpa came out and asked:

“Would you like to help me pull a few weeds?”

Toggles was very glad to. He would have been glad to do anything Grandpa had suggested, if only to free his mind from some unpleasant thoughts he was thinking.

“We’ll go over into this corner,” Grandpa went on and they climbed the fence into the cornfield.

They had been working perhaps fifteen minutes, when Toggles called:

“Grandpa, here’s one that I can’t pull.”



"Can't you," Grandpa answered and he came to look.

It was in the fence-corner among the grass and it was one of the kind that Grandpa called "brush."

"Well, now, that's strange," he exclaimed. "Just try again! Pull hard."

Toggles caught hold with both hands and pulled until his face was all red and the drops of sweat stood out upon his forehead, but it would not come.

"Well, now, that's strange!" Grandpa repeated. "I feel almost sure you could have pulled it when you first came to the farm and you are bigger and stronger now than you were then."

Toggles had to stop pulling to laugh. Grandpa was always saying funny things like that.



“Yes, I *know*, Grandpa,” he exclaimed. “But *the weed* was smaller then. Now it’s big and—”

“That’s so,” said Grandpa, as if such an idea had never occurred to him before, “and, come to think of it, that reminds me of a sort of story about my brother James and me, that I might tell you sometime.”

“Couldn’t you—?” Toggles began.

But just that minute they heard the dinner-bell.

When dinner was over and they were sitting together in the hammock for their noonday rest, Toggles reminded Grandpa of the story and Grandpa’s answer proved to be most extraordinary. Grandpa’s answers often were.

“I think I will tell you,” he said,



slowly, "but, really, it is something that I am almost ashamed to tell."

"Why, Grandpa!" exclaimed Toggles. "Then it can't be a true story."

"Yes, it is; that's the worst part of it. Do you know who my brother James is?"

"He's my great-uncle James—the professor in the big school where they teach boys to be farmers."

"That's right. Well, he was two years younger than I was and when we were little I wasn't always kind to him."

"Why, *Grandpa!*" Toggles exclaimed again, for this was certainly the most amazing talk he had ever heard. "Why, Uncle James has visited at our house and he's told me stories about you,



when you and he were little, and he says you were very, *very* kind to him. He said, if you had not stayed on the farm and worked and sent him money, he never could have gone to school and been a professor."

"Perhaps that's true," Grandpa acknowledged, "but my story is true, too. You see, it was this way: while we were small, I found out some ways of talking and acting that I knew bothered my little brother; and of course he didn't like it, so, after a while, he found out some little things that bothered me and (this is the part I am most ashamed of)—it lasted.

"If Uncle James were here to-day, I know just how I could bother him and he knows just how he could bother me."



“But you wouldn’t *do* it,” insisted Toggles.

“No,” answered Grandpa, “because we’ve both learned better and we would be very careful not to; but we *could* and both of us wish we had never learned how. You see, it’s like your weed. It would have been easy for us to forget how to tease each other when we were small, but now it’s too late and we can’t forget. The weed is too big for us to pull up.”

Toggles was silent a while, then he said:

“I was kind of teasing Mabel, before she went into the house this morning.”

“Were you?” asked Grandpa, anxiously.

“Yes. It was about a very, very



little thing and she was very foolish to let it bother her."

"That is the way it used to be with your Great-Uncle James and me," said Grandpa. "Do you think you have done it so many times that now you won't be able to forget how?"

"Why, no, Grandpa. I didn't ever tease her that way before."

Grandpa looked relieved.

"Then I believe I'd never do it again," he said. "You think about it."

And he went down to the horse-barn, leaving Toggles alone in the hammock.

It was almost bed-time when Toggles, who had been in mother's room, came to say good-night to Grandpa and Grandma.



“Grandpa,” he said, “you remember that weed that got started—the one I couldn’t pull this morning?”

“Yes,” answered Grandpa.

“Well, this afternoon I got the grub-ax and dug it out—every bit of it and I’ve made things all right with Mabel and this afternoon I cut paper-dolls with her a whole hour and I just *hate* cutting paper-dolls. Don’t you think, Grandpa, that if I try to *please* Mabel instead of *tease* her, *that* will get started, too, and instead of being a weed, it will be something nice, like a raspberry-bush, or a carrot, or something? And after a while it will be easy and I will like to do it? Mother thinks so.”

“I believe Mother is right,” exclaimed Grandpa. “I think it is a good



deal like our two boys who did things over.”

Toggles thought a moment until he remembered.

“Yes,” he agreed. “I believe it is, too. Good-night, Grandpa. Good-night, Grandma.”

And he pattered off to bed.



## CHAPTER XVIII

### THE RESCUE OF ZENOBIA

**Z**ENOBIA, as you may remember, was the cat.

She was not a large cat but her tail was sharply pointed, which is a sign of good breeding, and, except for a little white necktie, her fur was all glossy black. She was a good mouser and very playful and intelligent. Why, that cat could even open the screen-door all by herself! For all these reasons, and plenty of others just as good, Toggles and Mabel thought a great deal of Zenobia, and so, naturally, when for a whole day she never came to the house



to get her milk or sleep in her basket, they were worried.

“Grandma hasn’t seen her since yesterday morning,” Toggles explained to his Grandpa, “and Mother hasn’t seen her, nor Mabel, and I’m just afraid that some bad dog has chased her and—and—”

To go on would really have been too harrowing.

“No,” replied Grandpa, reassuringly. “I doubt that. She can climb trees, you know, and no dog can do that; and besides, Zenobia, when she is roused, is a terrible fighter. Why, I’ve seen her chase a dog twice as big as she is right out that gate.”

There was consolation in that and Toggles knew Grandpa was right, too.



He himself had seen Zenobia chase one dog and that dog used every leg he had, and even then could not get out of the yard as fast as he wanted to.

“But where *is* she?” Toggles insisted.

“Well,” returned Grandpa, “she may be lost and I believe we ought to send out a searching-party.”

“Where shall I look?” Toggles promptly volunteered.

“Well, I’ll tell you what I would do. First, I would look everywhere in the house.”

“I’ve done that,” declared Toggles.

“Then I would look in the honey-house, and the corn-crib, and in the cow-barn, and in the horse-barn, and in the chicken-house, and in the carriage-house, and in the tool-house, and in the



granary—she may be catching mice. If she isn't in any of those places, then I would go down to the pasture. Sometimes, you know, she goes down there to hunt for grasshoppers and gophers; and she may have gone on an all-day's hunt."

"And if she isn't there?"

"Then we can put an advertisement in the paper and offer a reward to any one who finds her."

Toggles seized his hat and started for the honey-house as fast as he could run. Inside were the new honey-boxes, and the empty hives, and the piles of "supers," and he looked behind them all and called softly, "Kitty, Kitty, Kitty," but no answering sound came back. Then he went to the corn-crib



and, looked inside, and outside, and under it but there was no Zenobia. The big cow-barn seemed the most likely place, and he looked all over it, from the basement to the hay-mow and called and called but no kitty came. He went to the chicken-house, but a glance showed him that she was not there. The granary was as likely a place for mice as there was on the whole farm and he had strong hopes that Zenobia might be there, but he was disappointed. He had very little idea that she would be in the carriage-house or the tool-house, but he looked carefully in both places, calling all the while, and he was just leaving for the pasture when he happened to think of the horse-barn.

It was a happy thought.



In another moment Grandpa heard him shout:

“I’ve found her! I’ve found her! But I can’t get her out. You see,”—by this time he was at Grandpa’s side—“she’s in that chute where you poke down the hay and she’s calling and calling but she can’t climb out, ’cause the boards on the sides are so slippery her claws won’t stick in and we can’t get her out at the bottom because there are just slats there and the spaces are too small for her.”

Grandpa listened. He too could hear the “Meow! Meow!” from the hay-chute, and they both started to the ladder leading to the loft, Grandpa stopping to pick up a basket which he fastened to the end of a long rope.



“We will let this down,” he said, “and then she can get in.”

But Zenobia, for all she was such a smart cat, did not seem to understand. She knew some one was up there, trying to help her, for she had stopped crying, but she was afraid to get into the basket and, when they pulled it up, it was empty.

“That won’t work,” said Toggles, “I’ll have to go down myself.”

“How can you do that?” asked Grandpa.

“Why, you just let me down with the rope and when I say, ‘Ready,’ you pull me up again.”

“But she hasn’t eaten for a whole day,” said Grandpa, “she may scratch you.”



“Oh, no. She knows me too well. I’m not afraid of that. I’ll take good hold and you just let me down.”

Toggles grasped the big rope with his strong, little hands and Grandpa lowered him slowly, down, down, down into the hay-chute.

“Are you there?” called Grandpa.

“All ready!” answered Toggles.

And when Grandpa pulled him up, there was Zenobia, on his shoulder, rubbing against his face and purring her very loudest.



## CHAPTER XIX

### TOGGLES USES HIS FORGETTER

**E**VERYTHING seemed to start right that morning.

For one thing the sunshine! When Toggles woke up, it was not too bright, nor too hot but the sun shone as if he enjoyed it and wanted to shine the very best he could. Mother came down to breakfast, which was enough to make a cheerful beginning for any day, and after breakfast she lay in the hammock and for more than an hour read stories to Toggles and Mabel—something she had not done for a long time.

After that Toggles went rolling his



hoop down the road and then—as you know sometimes happens—there came something that seemed to take all the joy out of the sunshine and almost spoiled the day. Toggles walked back into the yard quite dejected and, hearing a hammering in the tool-house, went to tell Grandpa about it.

“You see,” he exclaimed, “I was just by the sign-post and Frank he came fast around the corner—”

“Frank?” queried Grandpa.

“Yes. He’s older than Johnny and me. I don’t know him very well but he lives in that little house by Mr. Salow’s silo.”

“By Mr. Salow’s silo?” repeated Grandpa.

Toggles almost smiled. Those words



*did* sound funny together. But he remembered in time that this was no smiling matter and went on:

“Yes, awfully fast, round the corner and his wheel went straight into my new hoop and broke it and it hit my leg and took the skin off. It bled, too.”

“And he never looked around?”

“Yes, he looked around,” said Toggles, for he was trying to tell it exactly as it was, “but, when he saw that I was standing up yet, he went right on as fast as ever. I almost think it would not have hurt so bad, if he had stopped a minute and said that he was sorry.”

“And I always thought that Frank was a nice boy, too,” said Grandpa.

“Why, he always was nice to me till this time,” answered Toggles. “I



don't see what made him do it. Johnny says may be he's stuck up because he's got a bicycle and we haven't; but he never acted stuck up and once he gave me a ride. Do you think the next time I see him I ought to tell him that it wasn't nice for him to run into me like that?"

Grandpa did not answer but instead asked another question.

"How much was the hoop worth?" he inquired.

"Oh, I don't know; I don't suppose it was really worth anything—not in money; and, besides, I can fix it easily. It's just a barrel-hoop, you know. Only, he didn't seem to *care* that he broke it."

"But you're sure you can fix it?"



“Oh, yes, I can fix it all right.”

“And the place where the wheel took the skin off?” Grandpa looked down at the little bare, brown leg. “How long will it take to get well? It hurts pretty badly now, doesn’t it?”

“Oh, no, Grandpa. It doesn’t hurt *now*,” this time Toggles did smile, he couldn’t help it. “Why, it’ll be all well in just a little while, so you can’t even find the place. But it hurt then and he knew that he had run into me and he didn’t even stop to see if I was hurt.”

“But before that he was a good friend of yours?”

“Yes, I liked him almost as well as I did Johnny.”

Grandpa thought for a while.



“You know that hatchet that was left out on the grass one night,” he said, “and got all rusty?”

Toggles looked up quickly, for it was not often that Grandpa reminded him of a thing like that.

“Yes, Grandpa,” he said, “I forgot it, you know. But I’m not going to forget any more. After this I’m going to remember everything.”

“Well, I wouldn’t do *that*,” continued Grandpa, “because there are so many things that ought to be forgotten. You see, a boy has a Rememberer and a Forgetter and he should use them both only not for the same things. It is something like a hatchet and a hoe. Now, nobody would dig weeds with a



hatchet—a hatchet is not made for that; and nobody would cut kindling with a hoe—a hoe is not made for *that*. And it is a good deal the same way with a Rememberer and a Forgetter.”

Toggles looked earnestly at Grandpa, but he was not sure that he fully understood.

“Now, about that hatchet,” Grandpa went on, “you meant, of course, to use your Rememberer but instead you made a mistake and used your Forgetter and so the hatchet stayed out in the grass and got all wet and rusty. But this time I think your Forgetter is the thing to use.”

Toggles wrinkled up his forehead and thought hard.

“You see,” Grandpa explained, “if



you could once forget this, you and Frank would probably be just as good friends as ever; and the hoop will soon be mended, so that won't remind you; and the skinned place on your leg will soon be well, so *that* won't remind you; and keeping friends with everybody is very important, almost the most important thing that there is. So I'm sure that this time I'd try to use my Forgetter."

"And may be he wasn't mean on purpose, anyway," said Toggles.

"Quite likely not," said Grandpa.

So Toggles went down to the garden to do a little work, and after that he went out to the orchard and over to the woods and then, just before dinner



time, Grandpa saw him coming down the road as fast as he could run.

“It was all right—Grandpa—” he shouted, as soon as he came near the porch. “I was using my Forgetter—just as hard as I could—” Toggles had been running fast. “—and I had it almost forgot—when Frank came—and he told me their hired man had his hand cut very badly and Frank was going for the doctor—so he couldn’t stop—but he was sorry, anyway—he came clear over to tell me. So now I’m going to use my Forgetter on those bad words Johnny said the other day. He says he’s sorry he said ’em and he won’t say ’em any more, and I think I would like him better if I could forget he *ever* said ’em.”



## CHAPTER XX

### THE THINGS GOD HID

**T**OGGLES, nor Mabel, nor even Mother, not one of them could tell what had become of the summer, but it was beginning to draw to a close now. One of these days they would have to be going home. When they went home, Toggles would have to go back into school and school meant reading, writing, language work, and, worst of all, "tables." Tables are not easy when a boy has had not one thought about them for almost eleven weeks, and so when mother began to review them with him, (she was enough better so she could do



that now) he worked hard and did not succeed very well.

One night, when he was tired and a little discouraged, Grandpa came into the room, just after the prayers were said, and Toggles asked:

“Mama, couldn’t Grandpa tell me a story?”

“That’s just as Grandpa thinks best,” said mother.

“Why, I’m no story-teller!” Grandpa exclaimed.

“Well,” insisted Toggles, “couldn’t we ‘philosophize’ then?”

“We might do that,” Grandpa agreed. “What shall we ‘philosophize’ about?”

“I don’t know,” returned Toggles.

“Well,” mused Grandpa, “I was



reading to-day about a railroad in Canada. Do you think that would be interesting?"

"I suppose so." Toggles curled up to listen. "Everything you tell me is 'most always interesting."

"Well, Canada, you know, is very cold in winter. The snow grows deeper and deeper and it lies on the ground a long time. So, the first winter after this railroad was built, the men who built it began to think how few towns there were then, and what if there should come snow-storms and trains be stuck—might not the people starve? They talked it all over, and finally one man said, 'We must hide food along the way and give every conductor a book that tells the place where



it is hidden; then, if his train gets stuck, the conductor can look up in his book the nearest hiding-place; and he and some of the men on the train can go and get the food and that will give the people something to eat while they are digging out.'

"So they hid food at different places clear to the end of the line. If a train got stuck when it was half-way, food was there; if it got stuck a hundred miles farther on, it was there, too; and so on, clear to the end."

"Is there an end to the railroad?" Toggles interrupted.

"Oh, yes, the railroad has to end somewhere. And now," asked Grandpa, "would you like to philosophize about that?"



“Yes,” answered Toggles promptly. Talking with Grandpa had almost made him forget how tired he was.

“Well,” Grandpa went on, “I’m not just sure that I can make it plain. But if you *do* understand it you will see that it is a wonderful thing; and it is this—that God has done for everybody just what those railroad people did for the trains in the snow.”

He waited a minute to be sure Toggles knew what it was that he was going to try to explain, and then he went on:

“Mabel can’t read much now, can she?”

“No; just a little,” returned Toggles.

“But you are quite sure that when she gets to be six and goes to school she will be smart enough to learn?”



“Why, yes, Grandpa, of course.”

“What makes you think so?”

“Why,” exclaimed Toggles, “Mabel has sense. She can do lots of things now. She can spell her own name, and she knows how much two and two are—”

“And so you think, when there comes harder things, she will find the sense to learn them, too. Is that it?”

Toggles nodded.

“Now, can you tell me how much fourteen times nineteen is?”

“The tables don’t go that far. Only to twelve times twelve.”

“Do you think you could work it out?” Grandpa insisted. “I could.”

“No,” returned Toggles, after a moment’s thought. “I couldn’t.”



“Well, I think somewhere in your mind there is sense enough to do that, only God has hidden it; not to keep it away from you but just so it will be near the place where you need it. Next year I think you will be able to do that easily and later find still more sense hidden away up here,” Grandpa tapped his finger lightly on Toggles’s rumpled head, “sense for long division, and fractions, and algebra, and then geometry, and trigonometry,”—they were quite terrible words,—“only you may never work hard enough to find all God has put there.

“It isn’t just easy to understand,” Grandpa went on, for by the way that Toggles puckered his smooth little forehead, Grandpa could see that he was



puzzled, "but it's something like this: the things that God wants us to find when we are little, he hides almost in plain sight, the way I suppose you hide Easter Eggs for Mabel on Easter morning—all babies, unless there is something wrong with them, learn walking and talking. But, as we grow older, he leaves it more to us; we can find brains to do harder and harder things, if we try, but if we are lazy and don't try, God doesn't make us. It is just like the people on the train, they knew where the food was but nobody made them get it."

"But how," demanded Toggles, "how do you find what God has hidden in your head?"

"Well, I can give you a sort of illus-



tration. When I was little I used to be a good runner, and sometimes when some other boy was chasing me I would run until it seemed to me I simply could not run any more—”

“And your side ached?”

“And my side ached like everything and then, *if I kept on*, it grew easier. God had more muscle saved up there for me to run with, but I couldn’t get it until I came where I needed it.”

“Is it God makes a boy run fast?” asked Toggles.

“I do not think any boy could run at all, or think at all, if it were not for God.”

“What do you do to find the sense that God gave you to learn tables?” Toggles’s eyes were very bright.



“Work your hardest and keep on working, just the same as if you were running. Hard Work and Perseverance—you know what Perseverance means?”

“ ‘If at first you don’t succeed,  
Try, try—’ ”

“That’s it. Now those two things everybody needs to help him find what God has hidden for him, and nobody knows, *nobody* knows how many such things there are or how wonderful they are; we only know there are many, many of them, and that if we work hard we keep finding more and more. So, when there comes a real hard lesson, any boy or man ought to say, ‘I know God has given me the sense to learn this and, just as soon as I can, I am going to find it.’ ”



“Grandpa,” exclaimed Toggles, “I believe I could say my tables right now. I believe I could say all of them straight through in five minutes— Now, listen—”

“Dear me!” cried Grandpa. “And here I was going to get you all ready to go to sleep. *That’s* something to find, too, the sense to go to sleep with, quick, when it’s sleepy-time. How do you do that?”

“Lie still, shut your eyes, and take long breaths,” answered Toggles. That was Grandpa’s own rule.

“All right. I think you better try that now. I’ll hear the tables to-morrow. Good-night.”

“Good-night.” And in ten minutes Toggles was sound asleep.



## CHAPTER XXI

### MABEL'S TROUBLE

**I**T happened on the first ride that they took alone with Grandpa in the new automobile. They drove to town and, because they were in a little hurry, they went straight to the bank and there it was agreed that Toggles should go to the post-office, get the mail and wait for Mabel and Grandpa. Grandpa would stay and finish his business with the man in the bank, and Mabel, all alone by herself, might walk down to the candy-store on the corner and buy some candy. When they were all together again, they



would pick out the little present for Mother; a surprise it was to be and a sort of reward, Grandpa said, for her getting well so fast.

Grandpa had just finished his business and was wondering why it took Mabel so long to pick out her candy when the heavy bank door swung open and one look told the whole story. There stood Mabel, the tears rolling from her brown eyes clear down to the deep dimple in her chin and in her wee hand was her wee pocket-book—quite empty.

“It’s too bad,” exclaimed Grandpa; “where did you lose it?”

“Oh, I don’t know,” sobbed Mabel. “I went straight to ve candy-store, ve way you told me and I held it—I’m



'most sure I held it—tight in my hand all ve time and ven, just as I was going in ve door, I looked and ve money wasn't vere—it was all lost out."

"Where do you suppose you could have dropped it?"

"I don't know," and the sobs came again. "I looked all ve way back—everywhere I looked, and it wasn't vere."

"We'll look together," said Grandpa.

Hand in hand they walked from the bank to the candy-store and back, looking carefully every step of the way, but not one single piece of money was to be found.

"Some one must have picked it up," was Grandpa's explanation.

"So many are going back and forth



and of course they would not know you had lost it."

At the post-office they found Toggles waiting.

"What's the matter?" he demanded.

"Did a dog chase her?"

"No," answered Mabel, and Grandpa told him the whole story.

"How much did she have?"

He had already thrust one small hand into his trousers' pocket.

"Two dimes and a nickel." Mabel was almost ready to cry again.

"Hm!" mused Toggles. "Five cents is all I have. But you can have that," he added. And he handed it to her.

"That will be enough to buy the candy," suggested Grandpa. "Five-



cents'-worth, it seems to me, is all two small children ought to eat at one time; and I'll furnish ten cents for the present for Mother. That need not be expensive; the part that will please her most is to know that her little folks thought about her."

That was the way they arranged it, and it wasn't of course the same and Mabel could not quite forget, but in the auto on the way home Grandpa told funny stories, and Toggles talked about other things, and the candy had a soothing effect, and so, when at last they drove into the yard, Mabel was quite a happy little girl again.

Near supper-time Grandpa and Toggles had their talk about it. They were



sitting in the hammock, watching the clouds gather, for it looked as if it were going to rain.

“Wasn’t it too bad about Mabel’s losing her money?” said Toggles.

“Indeed it was,” answered Grandma, “I felt very sorry for her.”

“And wouldn’t it have been nice,” Toggles went on, “if some rich man had come along just then and said, ‘Never mind, little girl, don’t cry any more. Here are two dimes and a nickel.’ ”

“It would not have needed any rich man to say that,” said Grandpa. “I had two dimes and a nickel right in my pocket.”

“You did, Grandpa!” cried Toggles. “Why—?”

Then he stopped, for it did not seem



to him that the question on the tip of his tongue would be polite.

“Why didn’t I give them to Mabel?” Toggles did not answer and Grandpa went on, “Well, I wanted to very much. More, I think, than I have wanted to do anything else this summer but it just did not seem to me the right thing to do.”

“Will it be unpolite if I tell you what I think about it,” said Toggles.

“No. I should like to hear what you think about it.”

“Well, it seems to me that to stop Mabel’s crying and make her all happy again would have been a *very* good thing and, if I had had two dimes and a nickel, I would have given them to her right then.”



"Your papa lost some money not a great while ago," said Grandpa.

"I know," answered Toggles.

"Should I have given him back what he lost?"

Toggles thought for a while.

"I think it would have been too much," he said at length.

"I could have done it."

"But Papa can earn more money for himself; and it wasn't your fault that he lost it. It was the lightning that set the garage on fire."

"Mabel gets a cent a day for helping Grandma put the dishes away; and it wasn't my fault that she lost her money. I told her to be very careful and, if she had been, she would not have dropped it."



“Y-yes,” agreed Toggles. “Only—”

“Only it does seem hard for a little girl to have such a trouble: that’s the part to explain. Well, you see, all of us have troubles; little people, and their fathers, and their mothers, and their grandfathers, and their grandmothers—even kings and queens—some of them have the very worst kinds of trouble; and we learn to be brave about our troubles by being brave first about little ones, and then, when the bigger ones come, they don’t seem so dreadful. Now, a boy or girl who had never had to be brave about a little trouble—what could he possibly do with a big one? He might not even try to be brave at all. And so,” Grandpa ended, “hard as this was for me, and for you,



and for Mabel, I really thought it would be better if she stood most of her trouble herself."

Toggles sat thinking. Finally an odd twist came into the corner of his mouth.

"Grandpa," he said, "was that why, when I broke my cart, you had me help fix it when really, I suppose, you could have done it much quicker all by yourself?"

"That was it," answered Grandpa.

They smiled at each other as two people are apt to do, when they have a sort of secret. It was just then that the rain came and they had to run for the house.



## CHAPTER XXII

### TOGGLES BORROWS A BIRTHDAY

**T**OGGLES'S birthday (his own birthday, not the one he borrowed) did not come until the week before they left for home and there is really no need to tell much about it, it was so much like Mabel's. There was another group of children at the "fresh-air" camp now, mostly girls again, but that did not matter, they seemed to have just as good a time as boys would have had and so Toggles, and Mabel, and Johnny had just as good a time. Only Martha was not there, for she and her



father and mother had already broken camp and gone home.

When the guests had all said "Good-by," and the three hay-racks, swarming with cheering children, had turned the corner, Toggles came back into the house and dropped into the first chair. The sitting-room was all in confusion, for they had been playing blind man's buff. In the dining-room, where they had eaten their lunch, the dishes still stood on the table, and the eight candles, all ranged around the plate that had held the birthday cake. In the bedroom were the presents from Mother, and Mabel, and Grandpa, and Grandma, and a wonderful ship, all whittled out by Chris; and, as Toggles thought of all



that long and happy day, there came into his throat a strange feeling.

"Grandpa," he said, "were you ever so happy that you couldn't talk about it?"

"Yes," answered Grandpa.

"Then you know," said Toggles. "Why, Grandpa, if God should say to me right now, 'Toggles, what could I do to make you gladder yet?' all I could say would be, 'Let me have it again, another day.' But a boy never has but one eight-year-old birthday, does he?"

"Not usually."

"Not *usually*! Why, he doesn't. Does he, Grandpa? How could he?"

"He might borrow one," suggested Grandpa.



Toggles laughed.

“How could he do that, Grandpa?”

“Well, I know a boy who one time had a whole lot of fireworks, but when Fourth of July came he was sick and so he gave them to some other boys to shoot off. They sort of borrowed his Fourth of July.”

Toggles smiled, for he remembered that, too.

“And if a boy had a birthday he could not use, or did not know how to use, it seems to me that he might give it to another boy to celebrate.”

“I believe,” said Toggles, “that it would be almost as much fun as your really own birthday.”

“I think so, too,” said Grandpa, “and, if you want me to, when I go to



town to-morrow, I'll look around and see if I can find anybody who will loan you a birthday."

So, next afternoon, when Grandpa came back from town, the first question that Toggles asked him was:

"Did you find a boy who could loan me his birthday?"

"No," answered Grandpa, "but I found a girl."

Somehow a girl's birthday had not been just what Toggles had expected.

"She wasn't a little girl," Grandpa went on; "she's eighteen, but you wouldn't really call her grown-up. She hasn't learned to talk yet."

"She hasn't—!" But it seemed hopeless to try to understand about a girl eighteen years old who had not



learned to talk, so Toggles dropped that question and asked another.

“When does the birthday come?” he demanded.

“To-morrow. We’ll have to hurry to get ready. I suppose we ought to have a cake?”

“Surely.”

“Well, I bought the eighteen candles.”

“That custard with the white on the top is very good,” suggested Toggles.

“We will ask Grandma about that,” said Grandpa; and they went inside, planning other things that would make the borrowed birthday better.

Early next afternoon they started for town, Grandpa, and Grandma, and Mabel, and Toggles, and Mother—she



was well enough now—all of them in the new automobile. There was no one left at home excepting Chris and Watch. Just where they were to go was a secret, so Toggles asked no questions; but he was surprised enough when they stopped at the big schoolhouse.

There were only four children in the room they entered, and all, Grandpa told him, were deaf, not one of them could hear as he could. At first he watched them at their regular school work and wondered to find them learning to say words, some of them quite plainly. He wondered, too, at the way they understood, for they did not hear with their ears but with their eyes, by the motion of their teacher's lips, and Toggles, when he tried hard, could once



in a while understand a word that way himself. The deaf children could understand nearly everything he said and could answer him pretty well, except the eighteen-year-old girl; she, as Grandpa had told him, had not quite learned to talk yet, though she was learning. Toggles saw, too, the things they had made, the pictures, and baskets, and notebooks.

Afterward, when school was over, they lighted the candles and the girl who had loaned Toggles her birthday cut the cake and passed it first to them and then to the others. After the cake, they had nuts and candy and the custard with the white on top, and everything was passed by the girl who had loaned Toggles her birthday.



When they had finished eating, they played drop-the-handkerchief and, before they had begun to think that it was time, the father of one of the little deaf girls had come to take her home.

“Grandpa,” said Toggles, on the way back, “that’s a good school. Why, the teacher told me that that birthday girl was just wild at first, and when they went to see if she would come to school, she went and hid under the bed. But now she seems to be quite a nice girl. It was very kind of her to loan me her birthday. I had a very good time. Didn’t you?”

“Yes,” answered Grandpa, “and I think she did, too.”

But that was not all that Toggles thought about the borrowed birthday,



for that night after he had been tucked into bed, he said:

“Mother, I have had two very useful things for eight years, and this afternoon it came to me that I had never once said ‘Thank you’ for them to God.”

“What are they?” asked Mother.

“Why, they’re my ears—ears, you know, that can hear. But I thanked Him to-night all right,” he added.

“Well,” answered Mother, “I have had my ears longer than you have had yours and, until this afternoon, I think I never realized how grateful I ought to be that both my little folks and I have them. I said ‘Thank you,’ too, right there in the school-room.”

Then she kissed Toggles and went down-stairs.



## CHAPTER XXIII

### THE MAN WITH THE GREEN TIN BOX

**Y**OU remember, of course, about the farm's being a city of refuge for the birds and about Toggles and Johnny being marshals to enforce the laws. There are all sorts of things I might tell you about them—marshals are apt to have stirring adventures—but there simply is not room to put them all in. It would not do, though, to leave out the very last one.

Toggles was just coming from Johnny's house, he had his star on and, as he came to the fence, he stopped to read one of the signs:



TRESPASS ALL YOU WANT TO  
BUT DON'T HARM THE BIRDS.

It reminded him of what a glorious summer he and the birds had had together and of how many friends he had made among them. One that he liked almost the best of all was the beautiful bird that Grandpa called a Golden Robin and Mother called a Baltimore Oriole and whose wonderful nest swung like a tiny hammock from the branch of the big walnut-tree on the edge of the orchard.

He was just thinking of him when he came into the woods and saw, just a little way ahead, *the man with the green tin box*. The man had not seen Toggles, for he had his back turned. Toggles thought he might be a soldier or a sailor,



he walked so straight; but perhaps he thought that only on account of the cap and the field-glass. The man was going toward the orchard; and Toggles followed him, keeping out of sight but watching closely for, being a marshal of the City of Refuge, it was his business to know what a stranger was doing on his grandpa's farm.

The man was walking slowly. Once he stopped to pull some leaves and put them into the green tin box and several times he whistled—so like a bird that, when the real birds answered, Toggles could hardly tell the difference. Then he came out by the big walnut, laid the green tin box and the field-glass down on the ground, and, throwing off his coat, began climbing the tree.



Toggles had never seen a grown man climb a tree before and he watched eagerly, very much surprised and interested until he saw him swing to the limb from which he could reach the oriole's nest and take out his knife and then suddenly Toggles wished that he were big enough to take hold of the tree and shake it until the man should come tumbling down like a ripe apple.

He was so very angry that he never stopped to think of anything but the outrage to the oriole and, when the man reached the ground, with the nest in his hand, he walked straight up to him, his eyes blazing and his words fairly tumbling over one another in their eagerness to get out and tell his indignation.

“Don't you know it's wicked to steal



“nests?” he asked. “That’s the birds’ house, that they live in, just the way we live in our houses. How’d you like it if you went home some night and found a big giant had carried off your house?”

The man was plainly surprised, but he laid down the nest and then sat down on the grass.

“Whose boy are you?” he asked.

The voice was kind and Toggles answered the man’s question, though he was very angry still.

“My name is Toggles,” he said, “and I’m living here with my mother, right on Grandpa’s farm and my grandpa doesn’t like people to steal nests on his land. Didn’t you read the sign?”

“Yes,” answered the man, “and I thought it was a very good sign. Do



you help your grandpa take care of the birds?"

"I'm marshal," said Toggles, showing his star; "that's what I've got this star for, because I'm a marshal of this City of Refuge for the birds. If you saw the sign, why didn't you mind?"

"Is it always wrong to take birds' nests?" asked the man.

He spoke so gently, and looked like such a nice, good man, that Toggles could hardly believe that he had done the wicked thing that he had seen, only—there lay the branch, cut off, with the nest hanging from it.

"Yes, sir," he answered promptly, "it always is—that is, of course," he added, "unless they're last-year's nests."



The man took the branch from the ground.

"This," he said, "is a last-year's nest."

Toggles looked him squarely in the eye.

"I don't know what your name is," he said, "but it is a very wicked thing to tell lies. I saw the oriole last Sunday."

Something very like a smile crossed the man's face, but when he answered he did so gravely enough.

"And so did I," he said, "and Monday. Have you seen him since then?"

Toggles thought a moment.

"No," he replied.

"And neither have I. He started south Tuesday night and he won't be





"I'M MARSHALL," SAID TOGGLES, SHOWING HIS STAR. — *Page 233.*







back this year. He will never use this nest again. And I wouldn't mind a big giant's taking away my house, if I were all through with it, and had gone to live in another country—would you?"

Toggles thought again.

"No," he answered. "Where's he gone to?"

"To Central America," replied the man. "He goes there every winter. But he will come back in May and make a new nest. Now, the kingfisher down by the swamp—"

"Do you know him, too?" broke in Toggles.

"He comes in March, and so do the mourning-doves, but the robins—"

"They come first," said Toggles.

"Not this year. The blackbirds were



ahead of them this time. But, by the way, have you seen—?”

And that was the beginning of a talk that lasted until they heard the dinner-bell ringing from the other side of the orchard.

“Grandpa,” exclaimed Toggles, as he ran panting up the front steps, “I’ve been talking with a man who knows about birds—oh, more than anybody; and to-morrow he’s going to take me over to Mr. Smith’s farm to show me where some owls live and I want to know who he is. I forgot to ask him, we got so interested talking about the birds.”

“Did he carry a green tin box?” asked Grandpa. “And wear a cap with a little leather forepiece?”



“Yes,” exclaimed Toggles, “that’s the man.”

“Well,” said Grandpa, “I’m glad you came to know him. He preaches down in the village and he is just as good a friend to boys as he is to birds. When you come from Mr. Smith’s farm tomorrow, you bring him here to supper.”



## CHAPTER XXIV.

### THE SAVED-UP SUNSHINE

**T**OGGLES had some excuse.

When you come to think of it, every one who is ever cross, or glum, or impatient, has *some* excuse and always, to him it seems a good enough one to account for the way he acts. But, as excuses go, Toggles's was really a fairly good one.

They had planned to start right away after breakfast, all of them, in the new automobile. They were to drive clear to Lake Muscroon and have their lunch on the shore, and Grandpa had promised to take them out in a rowboat, and



Toggles and Mabel were going wading, and it was their very last chance, for they were going home now in just three days more and one of those days was Sunday. You can see for yourself that it was no ordinary plan. And then *it rained!*

The moment Toggles wakened he heard it and ran to the window. Everything looked wet, and dark, and discouraged, and there was not the slightest hint of improvement. All through breakfast, he and Mabel kept hoping that it would stop and the sun come out, but it rained harder than ever. After breakfast they still hoped, for a while, but by nine o'clock they knew there was no use hoping any longer and then Toggles simply gave up so much as trying



to be cheerful. He could not cry, of course; he was eight years old now and much too big for that, but he sat down in the front room and he didn't want to play with Mabel (who was really behaving better than he was) and he didn't want Mother to read to them, and he didn't want to go out and see Grandma making cookies—that was the most amazing thing of all—he didn't want to do anything but just sit there and be miserable.

Now whether Grandpa knew how he felt, that I can't tell, but all at once he came into the room, rubbing his hands and saying:

“Well, this is a dark, gloomy, chilly day,” and then, in the same ordinary tone in which he so often said such ab-



surd things, "I must go down cellar and bring up a basket of sunshine."

A basket of sunshine sounded so surprising that Toggles, for a moment, looked almost interested. But he remembered the rain that was spoiling the picnic and his face clouded again.

"I wish you would get some," said Mother, "we need some here."

"Well, I will," returned Grandpa. "I'm real glad I had Mr. Walters bring us that load."

Toggles could not help hearing and he realized that either for once Grandpa was mistaken or else, more likely, this was some sort of conundrum and, if it was, he wanted to know the answer.

"Grandpa," he demanded, "how can there be sunshine down cellar?"



"I can't quite explain," said Grandpa, "and besides, I'm too busy right now, but I know it's there. I saw it there not fifteen minutes ago."

"I'll go down with you," volunteered Toggles.

But, when they were in the cellar and Grandpa picked up the shovel, Toggles suddenly burst out:

"Why, Grandpa, that isn't sunshine. That's *coal*."

"How do you know?" retorted Grandpa.

"Why, by the looks."

"You can't tell by looks. I wouldn't depend on that. I've known an apple to look beautiful and almost the whole inside was rotten and I've known—"

"But—" Toggles protested. Grand-



pa's fashion of arguing was sometimes a little bewildering. "But— Well, Grandpa, how do *you* know it's sunshine?"

"By the way it acts," promptly returned Grandpa, and when Toggles looked puzzled he asked, "What does sunshine do?"

Toggles thought for a moment:

"It makes things light and warm."

"Well, that's just what this does."

"But is it *really* sunshine?" Toggles insisted.

"Is ice really water?"

Toggles had to think again.

"One way it is, and one way it isn't."

"Well, it's the same with this."

"I wish you would tell me about it."

"When we get up-stairs I will."



And, after the fire was kindled in the big fire-place, and the tiny flames were leaping up between the black lumps and crackling and spluttering, Grandpa took Toggles on his knee and began:

“Before God made men, he made the sun and it used to shine then, just as it does now, but the sunshine was not all wasted, just because there were no men to see it; for, in a way so wonderful that I can’t begin to explain it all to you or even to understand it myself, the sunshine grew into the leaves and tree trunks of the great forests that grew in those days, and then the leaves and the tree trunks, with the sunshine all frozen up in them, you might say—God turned them into coal, buried deep in the ground. Afterward men came and they



learned to dig down and get out the coal—and, when they made a fire of it, there would come out the heat and the light—the sunshine—that God had saved up for them so long ago and it made them warm and cheerful.”

“It’s very wonderful, isn’t it?” said Toggles seriously, looking down into the dancing flames.

“Yes,” answered Grandpa, “but there is another thing that to me is almost as wonderful.”

“What is that?”

“It is that we can do just what God did. We can save sunshine, too. I know a man who, for a longer time than you have lived, has been so sick he can’t get out of bed, but he is the jolliest man to visit! He has saved up the pleasant



things that happened before he was sick and, when a pain hurts him badly, he thinks about them.

“I’ve even known little boys, too, not more than eight years old, who when there came dark, cloudy, gloomy days never sulked—they just thought about their birthday parties, and their days in camp, and all the good times—”

Toggles could feel his cheeks getting hot and he reached up and put his fingers on Grandpa’s lips.

“Grandpa,” he interrupted, “you don’t need to tell any more about that. Because I’m not going to act this way again and I’m going right this minute to play with Mabel.”

And he did.



## CHAPTER XXV

### THE PUBLIC BENEFACTORS

**I**T was late Sunday afternoon and Toggles and his grandpa, sitting in the hammock, had been talking about all the happy times of the summer; first, the friends Toggles had made, Johnny, and Frank, and Martha, and her father and mother, and the "fresh-air" children, to say nothing of the animal friends, Zenobia, and the horses, and the cows, and the chickens, and the pigs, and Watch; it seemed positively funny now but, when Toggles first came to the farm he, and particularly Mabel, had been afraid of Watch. They talked, too, of



all the things Toggles had learned, about the bees, and the birds, and the bugs, and the flowers, and the weeds, and the vegetables and, last of all, they came to talk of the most important thing, and that was Mother's getting well.

"Why," exclaimed Toggles, "she's so well now it doesn't seem as if she ever could get sick again or as if she ever really had been sick. Why, when we were playing tag, yesterday afternoon, she chased me clear around the corncrib and she jumped over the lawnmower—I thought I could run pretty fast but she caught me. I couldn't run as fast as Mother. And she was sick such a long time!"

"Almost six months," said Grandpa.

"I don't know in months," Toggles



answered, "but I know it was a long, long time. And now," he added, triumphantly, "now she's well, God made her well."

Grandpa did not say anything, but it is more than likely that he was thinking just what Toggles thought.

"Did I ever tell you what the doctor told me one day?" asked Toggles.

"No. I don't remember that you ever told me."

"Well, every day, when he went home, I used to ask him, 'Have you made my mama well yet?' and 'most always he would say, 'Not yet.' But one day, when she was so very, very sick—when Papa telegraphed to you—you remember—?"

Grandpa nodded: he remembered.



“Well, that day I asked him, just the same as always, ‘Have you made my mama well yet?’ and that time he didn’t say, ‘Not yet,’ but he sat down on the stairs and took me in his lap and said, ‘No, Toggles, I’ve tried and I’ll keep on trying, but *I* can’t make your mama well. Nobody but God can do that.’ And now she’s well and the doctor helped his very best but, you see, I know it was God and not the doctor that really did it.”

“And we can never thank Him enough,” said Grandpa.

“Not if we were to say, ‘Thank you,’ till we were old men, could we, Grandpa?”

“No.”

Toggles looked far away across the



fields to where the round, red sun was going down, no longer bright and dazzling but with its light subdued and softened, as if it were a monstrous Chinese lantern, hung in the western sky.

“Grandpa,” he said, “there was a lady in Sunday school one time who told us about a man who built a church, a whole big church, to show he was glad because his little girl got well when she was sick. I wish that we could do that, you and I, only it costs a great deal of money to build a church, doesn’t it, Grandpa?”

“Yes,” answered Grandpa. “Perhaps though there is something else we can do.”

“It ought to be something like a church, or a Sunday school, that would



help a lot of people, or like Mother's picture of the little Lord Jesus and his mother, that just makes you feel good when you look at it." (It was the *Sistine Madonna* that Toggles meant.)

"Well," said Grandpa, "we must try to think of something."

So they tried but they did not think of it that day, and the right thing came to them at last almost of itself when Toggles was telling Grandpa next afternoon of the man he had seen riding down the big hill on the other side of the woods.

"He was going so fast there at the bottom, Grandpa, that he couldn't stop and so he ran right smack into the railing of the bridge, and broke the front wheel of his bicycle, and cut his head so



that the blood ran—quite a lot of blood; and when I came he was lying in the road and saying bad words, till I told him it was naughty to say them and then he said he guessed that was right, and he got up and walked away. But he couldn't walk very well and I think he was hurt pretty bad."

Grandpa listened attentively, as he always did when Toggles had anything to tell him, and then he said, half to himself, "There was a man hurt there last fall, and one in April. It's a bad hill."

"Couldn't the road men make it level?" Toggles asked. He had watched the road men working nearly all one day and he knew they could greatly improve a bad road.



“Not very well,” answered Grandpa, “but there ought to be a sign at the top of the hill. I wonder—”

“I wonder—!” echoed Toggles, for it all of a sudden flashed through his mind what Grandpa was going to say. “But—” he hesitated, “but would that be enough, Grandpa, to show how thankful we are?”

“It could not of course show how thankful we are,” said Grandpa. “Nothing could do that—not even the biggest church. But, if we made a sign, all by ourselves, a good large one, it would be a help to every person who passed in an auto or on a bicycle and it might some day save a life.”

Toggles leaped out of the hammock.

“All right,” he exclaimed, “we’ll do



it. We'll make it out of boards and paint on it, 'Notice to men on bicycles or people in automobiles! Be careful about this hill or you may get hurt!' Just something short like that, in big letters."

There seemed no reason for waiting and so they made the board that very afternoon and painted it white and, when the paint was dry, Grandpa drew on it some large, black letters and Toggles painted them in. It was a splendid sign and the next afternoon they nailed it to the fence, at the top of the hill where every one who passed could read the warning:

**DANGER! GO SLOW!**

**THIS IS A BAD HILL**



But down at the very bottom was painted in small letters:

THIS SIGN IS PUT UP BY TOGGLES  
AND HIS GRANDPA IN THANKFULNESS  
FOR THE RECOVERY FROM DANGEROUS  
ILLNESS OF SOME ONE WHOM THEY LOVE.

When they left next day to take the train for home, Grandpa drove around by that sign. It was not as large as a church, it was not as beautiful as a picture, but it stood there, firm and bright, giving its kindly warning of unknown danger. They stopped to let Mother take a snapshot of it with her little kodak.

“And every time we see it,” mused Toggles, “it will remind us—”

But he did not say of what; there was no need to say. They all knew.

THE END







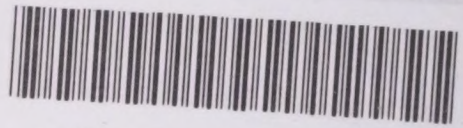








**LIBRARY OF CONGRESS**



00024701487

